

The Sketch

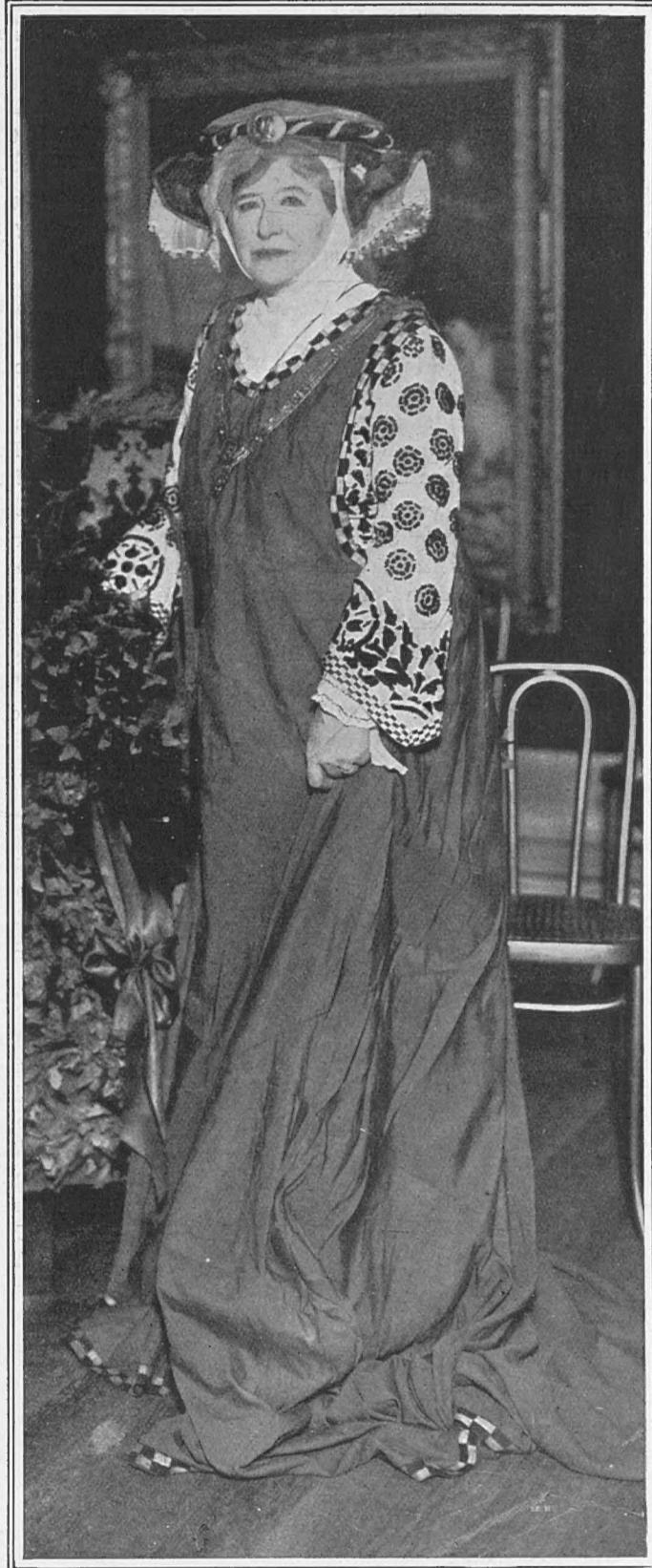
No. 1049.—Vol. LXXXI.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5, 1913.

SIXPENCE.



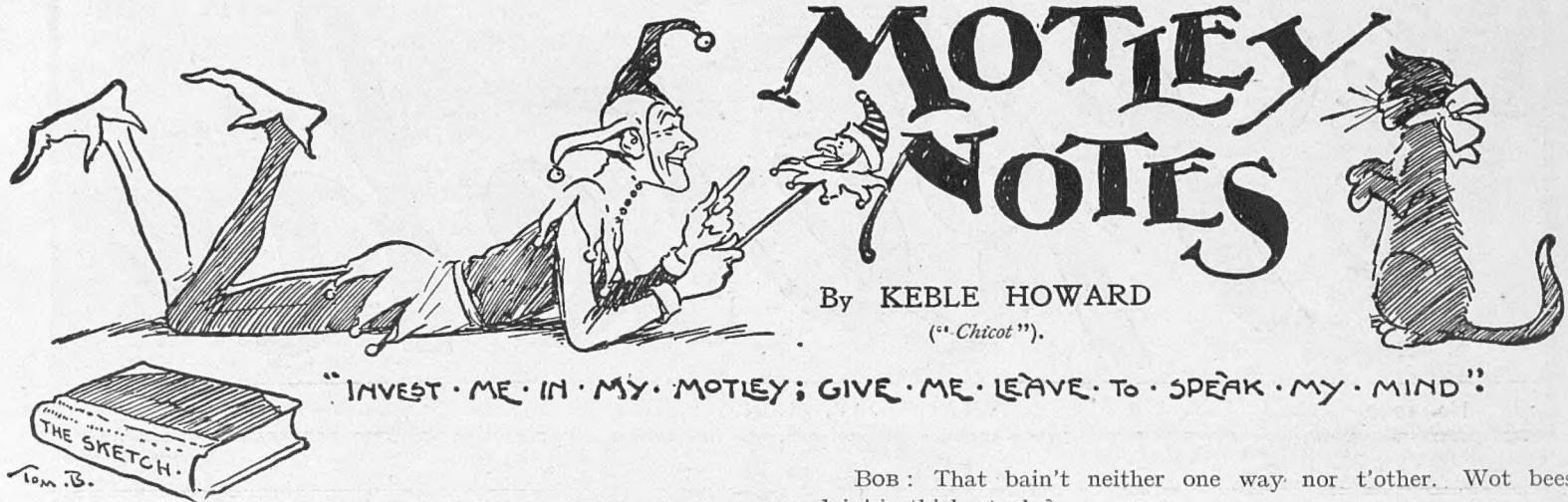
EASTERN: MISS GERTIE MILLAR.



SHAKESPEAREAN: MISS ELLEN TERRY.

AT A MID-LENT CELEBRATION ON MISS ELLEN TERRY'S 65TH BIRTHDAY: MISS GERTIE MILLAR
AND MISS ELLEN TERRY AT THE PIONEER PLAYERS' MI-CARÈME BALL.

The Pioneer Players gave a Mi-carême ball at Prince's Galleries on the evening of Feb. 27, Miss Ellen Terry's birthday, and the famous actress went to it as Mistress Page. Her visit was a surprise to some, at all events, for she had said that she was "so sick of birthdays" that she was going to bed to try and forget all about them in sleep. Miss Terry was born at Coventry in 1848.—[Photographs by C.N.]



Our New Feuilleton.

Begin this Moment.

THIS GORY LIFE.

By ALEXANDER NAPOLEON.

Author of "She Never Returned," "The Missing Father," "Mother Went Too," "Where is Brother Willie?" etc.

SPECIAL NOTE.—You can get the back numbers if you really want them, but why worry? Our straight tip to YOU is to mug up the List of Characters and the old Synop., and then start in.

LIST OF CHARACTERS.

The Earl of Leighbarrow.

One of the richest men in the world. Extraordinarily handsome. Tall. Brown wavy hair and brown wavy moustache. Beautifully dressed. Has a lovely singing voice. Magnificent horseman, a poet of genius, a good son and a daring aviator. Unmarried. Passionately in love with Grace Lipsalve, the sister of his third chauffeur.

Marigold Enderkettle.

The beauty of the neighbourhood and a very wealthy heiress. Rides to hounds in a habit that is almost second nature. Appears at balls in diamonds worth three million pounds. Tall, haughty, dark, supposed to have killed her mother, but protected by her wealth.

Grace Lipsalve.

Seventeen years of age. Very pretty, with fair hair and eyes the colour of forget-me-nots. Passionately in love with the Earl, but does not yet realise it. Very fond of walking and poetry. A good daughter and a kind sister. Has taught in Sunday-school.

Bob Lipsalve.

Brother to Grace, and the Earl's third chauffeur. A short, stumpy little fellow with bright red hair and a bad squint. A very amusing character. Mentally unsound. Killed his sweetheart at the age of eighteen, but saved from hanging by his personal charm. A clever poacher and a good son. Plays the cornet.

THE STORY.

Marigold Enderkettle, after killing her mother, settled down at De Fauncey Court to a life of simple pleasures. One day, whilst weeding the onion-bed, she looks up and sees the Earl of Leighbarrow riding by on his superb chestnut. Flinging modesty and the onions to the winds, Marigold leaps the hedge and follows him.

The Earl stops at a cottage three miles up the road and knocks at the door with his whip. The door is opened by Grace Lipsalve. In order to overhear the colloquy, Marigold swiftly immerses herself in the rain-water tub round the corner. She thus catches the following—

THE EARL: Good-afternoon, Grace.

GRACE: Good-afternoon, Sir.

THE EARL: How is your mother this afternoon?

GRACE: A little better, Sir, thank you.

THE EARL: I'm glad to hear it. Good-afternoon.

GRACE: Good-afternoon, Sir.

It is at once clear to Marigold that Grace must die. She is clambering out of the rain-water tub when Bob Lipsalve suddenly appears, and the following colloquy ensues—

MARIGOLD: Ah!

BOB: Wot beest doin' in thicky toob?

MARIGOLD: Don't tell! I will give you a great deal of money if you won't tell anyone!

BOB: I reckon thee ain't gort no business in mother's toob.

MARIGOLD: I know it! But listen! Your sister stands in my path and she must die! I shall kill her! Tell nobody!

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").

Bob: That bain't neither one way nor t'other. Wot beest doin' in thicky toob?

Seeing that she has merely to deal with a harmless lunatic, Marigold enters the cottage and engages Grace as her private maid at a large salary. Grace snaps at the job, and, taking the precaution to conceal a loaded pistol in her corsets, goes cheerfully to De Fauncey Court to take up her new and pleasant duties.

She is brushing her mistress's raven locks one evening when Marigold suddenly snatches up a pair of scissors from the toilet-table. Grace draws her pistol and fires, but the bullet passes harmlessly through the window and kills the second gardener, who happens to be passing with a basket of stolen peaches. Marigold then stabs Grace. At this moment, the Earl of Leighbarrow steps quietly out of the wardrobe.

CHAPTER XLV.

TROUBLE AT DE FAUNCEY COURT

It was the work of a moment for Marigold, who was quite accustomed to such scenes as this, to snatch up Grace's still smoking pistol and fire four times in quick succession at the Earl.

"Ah," he said, smiling slightly as the last bullet removed the left half of his moustache, leaving him otherwise unhurt, "your shooting has deteriorated, Blanche Deadlock, since you and I stood face to face in the Valley of Dead Men's Gulch, Arizona!"

Marigold staggered back. "Percy Harris!" she muttered.

"The same," replied the Earl, carelessly removing the other half of his moustache, "and your father! Naughty girl, where is your mother, my wife?"

"I do not know! Oh, spare me, father, spare me! I swear that I do not know!"

"You killed her! Admit it before I feel compelled to stab you to the black heart with your own scissors!"

For answer, Marigold—or Blanche, as we must now call her—flung herself neatly from the window, alighting on the body of the defunct second gardener. The Earl, finding himself idle for the moment, leaned over the prostrate form of Grace.

"Grace!" he whispered. "Don't say that you are dead! Tell me, oh, tell me, that you are only shamming!"

"I am," replied Grace, sitting up and gazing frankly into the ardent eyes that rested upon her own, compelling her at last to drop them. "The scissors were blunt, and did not even tear my dress. But you, Percy! Why do you look so pale and undone?"

"I am all right now I know you are safe. But how can I look you in the face when you must have overheard that I am no real Earl!"

"I have known it all the time, Percy, but I love you more for telling me in this honest fashion. My brother is the real Earl."

Percy Harris staggered back. "Your brother?" he gasped.

"Yes—our little Bob. He was dropped from his perambulator at the age of three months by a careless nurse who fled the country and was eventually hanged in New Zealand. My mother found him."

"Then you—you—!"

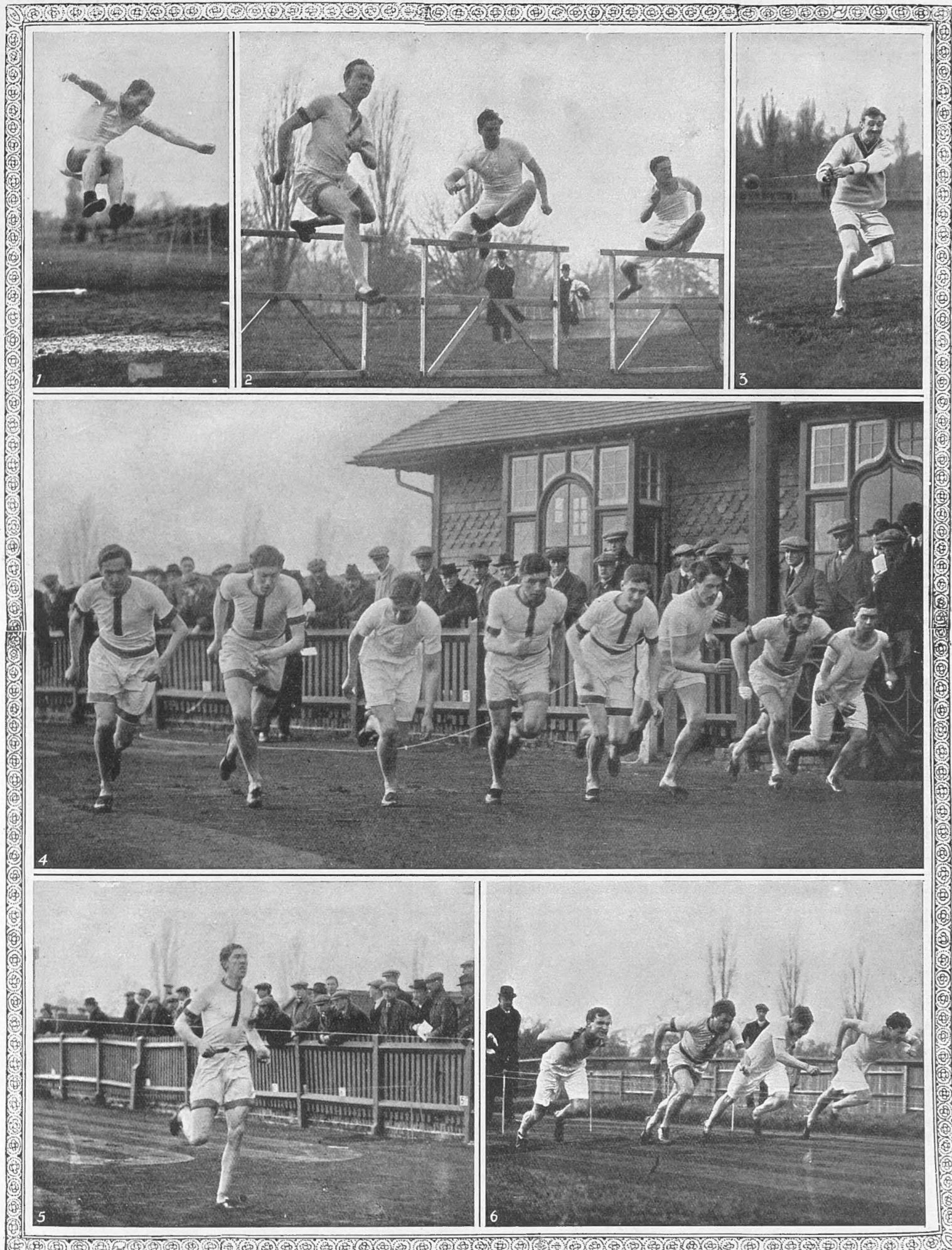
"I am your own dear little wife!"

THE END.

CORRECTION.

In publishing in our issue of the 19th ultimo a photograph of Viscountess Helmsley and two of her children, by inadvertence we stated that the only surviving son of the Earl of Feversham was unmarried, a mistake which we greatly regret. We are now informed that the gentleman in question, Colonel the Hon. Hubert Duncombe, is married, and we beg to tender to Colonel and Mrs. Duncombe our sincerest apologies for the mistake, which arose by reason of the fact of the marriage not being recorded in the latest books of reference we were at the time able to consult.

BATTLING FOR BLUES: OXFORD UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC SPORTS.



1. THE LONG JUMP: H. R. STOLZ (LELAND STANFORD UNIVERSITY, CALIFORNIA, AND QUEEN'S), THE WINNER—WITH 21 FT. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ IN.

4. THE START FOR THE MILE: A. N. S. JACKSON (MALVERN AND BRASENOSE), THE OLYMPIC CHAMPION, WHO WON IN 4 MIN. 26 1-5 SEC., THE SECOND FROM THE LEFT.

2. A HEAT FOR THE HURDLES: W. I. F. MACDONALD (CHARTERHOUSE AND NEW COLLEGE), WINNER OF THE FINAL—IN 17 SEC.—ON THE LEFT; J. J. SAVAGE (PERTH, AUSTRALIA, AND BRASENOSE), THIRD IN THE FINAL; AND A. CHAVASSE (LIVERPOOL AND CORPUS), UNPLACED IN HIS HEAT.

5. WINNING THE ONE MILE: A. N. S. JACKSON.

3. THROWING THE HAMMER: W. A. ZIEGLER (GRINNELL COLLEGE, IOWA, AND WADHAM), THE WINNER OF THAT EVENT—WITH 140 FT. 8 IN.; AND OF PUTTING THE WRIGHT—with 41 FT. 9 IN.

6. THE START FOR HEAT ONE OF THE HUNDRED YARDS: R. L. LANGE (OKLAHOMA AND ST. JOHNS), SECOND IN THE FINAL, THE SECOND FIGURE FROM THE LEFT.

The 'Varsity Sports at Oxford were held on Feb. 24 and 26. Mr. A. N. S. Jackson won the mile easily in the excellent time of 4 min. 26 1-5 sec., which is only slightly over the record for the Oxford track. Jackson, it will be remembered, made a record in the Olympic Games at Stockholm last year by winning the 1500 metres in 3 min. 56 4-5 sec. Other fine performances in the Oxford sports were those of Mr. W. A. Ziegler in the weight and the hammer. Mr. H. R. Stolz in the long jump made three jumps of over 21 ft. The hurdlers were much handicapped by the state of the turf, so that Mr. W. I. F. Macdonald's time of 17 sec. was better than it seems. The hundred yards was won by Mr. G. H. G. Shepherd, of Abingdon and Pembroke, in 10 1-5 sec., his best time so far.—[Photographs by Sport and General and C.N.]

THE GOYA PERIOD—AND MANY OTHERS—IN MASQUERADE



1. AS SCHEHERAZADE: MISS RUBY MILLER; WITH MR. P. BLAIR.

2. IN MANLY GARB: MISS P. LACON.

3. AS CLOWN AND COLUMBINE: MR. E. COCKBURN AND MISS PAMELA MAUDE.

4. AS HARLEQUIN: MRS. PHILIP CONNARD.

5. FAIR LADIES AND BRAVE MEN: LADY PAGET, LORD CARLTON, MRS. L. TROUBRIDGE, AND MR. M. STUART.

6. AS A QUEEN OF EGYPT: MISS HERON; WITH A PHARAOH.

7. IN CHESS-BOARD AND DOMINO: MRS. RICHARD DAVIS AND MR. R. GREY.

The main scheme of decoration and costume at the Chelsea Arts Club Ball, which took place with immense success on Feb. 26 at the Albert Hall, photographs show. Among the three or four thousand people present there was an immense variety of costumes drawn from various centuries and Goya's best-known pictures. In the middle of the hall stood a statue of Venus.—[Photographs and

REMARKABLE COSTUMES AT THE CHELSEA ARTS CLUB BALL.



AS KEEPER AND BEAR: MR. W. H. COLE, CHIEF CLERK OF THE "ZOO," AND MRS. COLE.
AS PIERRETTE: LADY NEWBOROUGH.

AS HITCHY KOOS: MR. FRANK V. LEVISON AND A FRIEND.
AS A GENTLEMAN OF FLORENCE (15TH CENTURY): PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BATTENBERG.

12. AS A SHEPHERDESS: THE COUNTESS OF CARRICK.

13. AS THE RED FISHERMAN: MR. TOM HESLEWOOD.

14. FAIR SPANIARDS AND THEIR CAVALIER: LADY LACON
AND A GROUP OF FRIENDS.

presented Spanish life in the time of the famous painter, Francesco Goya. The dresses, however, were by no means restricted to this period, as our
ons, with many from the animal kingdom. The decorations were Spanish, and the different rendezvous were happily named after a number of
[afayette, Sport and General, Farringdon Photo. Co., Newspaper Illustrations, and Record Press.]

HIS MAJESTY'S. Proprietor, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree. EVERY EVENING at 8.15. DRAKE. LAST 7 NIGHTS. Produced by SIR HERBERT TREE, in conjunction with the Author, Louis N. Parker. MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS at 2.15.

ST. JAMES'S. Sole Lessee and Manager.

OPEN WINDOWS,

SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER, TUESDAY EVENING NEXT, March 11.

A New Play by A. E. W. MASON,

in which will appear
GEORGE ALEXANDER and IRENE VANBRUGH.
FIRST MATINEE, SATURDAY, March 15.

Seats can now be booked.

ST. JAMES'S.

GARRICK.

EVERY EVENING at 8.45. In a new play in three acts entitled,

TRUST THE PEOPLE.

By Stanley Houghton.

At 8.20 "The General's Glasses," by Clo Graves. MATINEE WEDS., SATS., 2.20.

EMPIRE THEATRE.

EVERYBODY'S DOING IT!

The Up-to-the-Minute Revue. LYDIA KYASHT in THE REAPER'S DREAM. Conrad and Whidden, and Specially Selected Varieties. Evenings at 8.

CHARLES GULLIVER, MANAGING DIRECTOR. Always the best entertainment in London. Two performances daily, 6.20 and 9.10. Admission from 6d. to 5s. Private Boxes, 10s. 6d., 15s., and £1 1s. The River Girl, Ella Retford, Ella Shields, Beth Tate, Collins' Company, Varieties, etc.

MENTONE.

SOUTH OF FRANCE.

HOTEL IMPERIAL.

NOW OPEN.

The latest creation of modern Hotels. All the latest luxuries. The most completely comfortable Hotel on the Riviera. English Sanitation, 300 Rooms, 150 bath-rooms. Heated throughout. Billiard Room. Extensive grounds. Private lawn-tennis courts. Glorious situation commanding superb view from every room. R. C. ULLRICH, General Manager.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

NOTICE.

MEMBERS of the STOCK EXCHANGE are NOT ALLOWED to ADVERTISE for business purposes, or to issue Circulars or Business Communications to persons other than their own Principals. Persons who advertise as Brokers or Share Dealers are Not Members of the Stock Exchange, or in any way under the control of the Committee. Members issuing Contract Notes are required to use such a form as will provide that the words "Member of the Stock Exchange, London," shall immediately follow the signature. A List of Members of the Stock Exchange who are Stock and Share Brokers may be seen at the Bartholomew Lane entrance to the Bank of England, or obtained on application to EDWARD SATTERTHWAITE, Secretary to the Committee of the Stock Exchange. Committee Room, The Stock Exchange, London.

POLICE DOGS.

Major Richardson's **AIREDALES**, as supplied Admiralty, Home, Colonial, and Continental Police, best companions for house-protection, inside or outside, lonely walks, etc., from 4 gns.; Pups, 2 gns. Also **BLOODHOUNDS**, Pups, 7 gns.; Adults, 20 gns.; and **Rough and Smooth FOX TERRIERS, SCOTCH TERRIERS**, 4 gns.; Pups, 2 gns. Grovend, Harrow. Tel. 423.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

ILIFFE.

Hints and Tips for Motor Cyclists. "Road Rider." 1s. net.

ROUTLEDGE.

Only a Bookie. Captain H. S. Browning and Marie F. Salton. 1s.

ARNOLD.

The Village in the Jungle. L. S. Woolf. 6s.

Bride-Elect. A. M. Champneys. 6s.

GRANT RICHARDS.

Friar Tuck. Robert Alexander Wason. 6s.

WARD, LOCK.

The Wastrel. Harold Bindloss. 6s.

FISHER UNWIN.

A War Photographer in Thrace. Herbert F. Baldwin. 5s. net.

MURRAY AND EVENDEN.

For the Love of Gyp. Adrien Darter. 6s.

HODDER AND STOUGHTON.

Olivia in India. O. Douglas. 6s.

Pioneers. Sarah Comstock. 6s.

THE BODLEY HEAD.

Fire and Frost. Maud Crutwell. 6s.

Myles Calthorpe, I.D.B. F. E. Mills Young. 6s.

NASH.

A Candid History of the Jesuits. Joseph McCabe. 10s. 6d. net.

The Lost Million. William Le Queux. 6s.

Sporting Recollections of an Old 'Un. Frank N. Streathfield, C.M.G. 7s. 6d. net.

HEINEMANN.

The Weaker Vessel. E. F. Benson. 6s.

Minna. Karl Gjellerup. 6s.

YEAR BOOK PRESS.

The Public Schools Year-Book, 1913. Edited by H. F. W. Deane, M.A., and W. A. Evans, M.A. 5s. net.

LONG.

The Only Prison. Ellen Ada Smith. 6s. A Masquerade and a Monastery. Anne Weaver. 6s.

STANLEY PAUL.

The Suffrage Annual and Women's Who's Who, 1913. 6s. net.

Cheerful Craft. R. Andom. 6s.

The Cottage in the Chine. Headon Hill. 6s.

DRANE.

Young Canadians. Roy N. Clarke. 3s. 6d.

Through Her. Corinna Bruce. 3s. 6d.

Agnes's Dilemma. Susan Card. 2s.

METHUEN.

The Ware Case. George Pleydell. 6s.

Requited. Mrs. J. O. Arnold. 6s.

MILLS AND BOON.

Attraction. Louise Mack. 6s.

The Adolescence of Aubrey. Harry Jermyn. 6s.

KELLY'S DIRECTORIES, LTD.

The Clergy List, 1913.

SEELEY, SERVICE.

A Turkish Woman's European Impressions. Zeyneb Hanoum. 6s.

The Motor Union Insurance Road Map of India. 21s.

BACON.

KEGAN PAUL.

Poems. Clifford King. 5s. net.

ST. CATHERINE'S PRESS.

Captain Scott's Message to England. 1s. net.

ADVERTISEMENTS IN PHOTOGRAVURE.

FROM the numerous appreciative communications that we have received, it is abundantly evident that the printing of advertisements in our new photogravure process meets with universal approbation. We may remind our readers that in our last number—that for Feb. 26—for the first time on record, we believe, in the history of weekly newspaper production in England, there were reproduced in photogravure several full-page pictorial announcements. This important innovation has had the happiest results, and will doubtless lead to widespread developments. The fact that the first experiment has evoked such a chorus of praise from various quarters will hardly cause surprise to anyone who glances at the pages in question. There is not the slightest doubt that photogravure imparts an immense *cachet* to an advertisement, adding to it a dignity and appeal which are not so well conveyed by the more familiar and more commonplace processes. Nothing has been more noticeable of late years than the increasing tendency of advertisements to attain a high degree of artistic quality. This is especially true in the case of those of a pictorial character, many of which are worthy of the best methods of reproduction, and form a distinct addition to the artistic attractions of a paper. The application of photogravure to their reproduction, made possible by the rapidity of our new process, is likely still further to stimulate this artistic tendency on the part of advertisers, who, in return, can thereby have far better justice done to their efforts. Our readers have by this time had ample opportunity to judge the merits of the new photogravure, and it is hardly necessary to dwell upon them at length. It is enough to point out the exquisite softness of effect, and the depths of light and shade, which can be obtained in this beautiful medium. In all the advantages thus offered by the new process advertisers can now fully participate.

TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TO ARTISTS.

Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.

The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.

The Editor will be glad to consider photographs of interesting Society people (snapshots or "studio" portraits), beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SKETCH." PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

INLAND

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 9s. 3d. Six Months, 14s. (or including Christmas Number), 15s. 3d. Three Months, 7s. (or including Christmas Number), 8s. 3d.

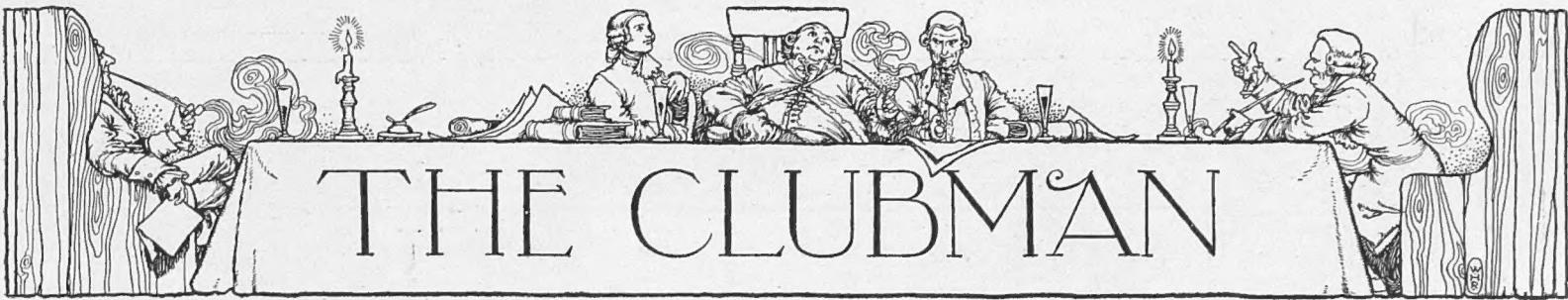
CANADA.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 11s. 6d. Six Months, 15s. 2d. (or with Christmas Number), 16s. 4d. Three Months, 7s. 7d. (or with Christmas Number), 8s. 9d.

ELSEWHERE ABROAD.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £2. Six Months, 19s. 6d. (or including Christmas Number) £1 1s. 11s. 9d. (or including Christmas Number), 11s. 3d.

Remittances may be made by Cheques, payable to THE SKETCH, and crossed "The Union of London and Smiths Bank, Limited," and by Postal and Money Orders, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.



UNVEXED BY WAR-FEVER OR WHISTLES: PARIS UNDER POINCARÉ.

Peaceful Paris. I came over to Paris expecting, from what I had read in English papers, to find the Parisians straining in the leash with warlike ardour and eager to fly at German throats, but, except at the theatres, I can find no signs of any such excitement. There are no people snatching papers from the street-hawkers and standing in the streets to read them; the vendors of broad-sheets, who are the stormy petrels of Paris, have no sensational song to sell; there are no pictures of soldiers at the kiosks, and there are fewer flags than usual flying from the buildings. The new President's proclamation, which is posted on all the public buildings, decrees that a strong army and navy are necessary for the peace of France, but it is in no respect a bellicose document. What currents are moving under the surface I do not, of course, know, but Paris just now is calm, not to say dull.

The Progressive President. M. Poincaré has lost no time in making changes at the Elysée. Automobiles are in future to be the official Presidential carriages, and all the horses in the Elysée stables, except four for the use of Mme. Poincaré, are to be sold. The Parisians will never again see the historic barouche harnessed *à la* Daumont, and preceded by the official outrider, going through the Bois to Longchamp on the day of the Grand Prix. Troude, the present outrider, is to retire on a pension.

A New Odéon. What is giving the Parisians far more food for conversation than the possibility of war is the proposed removal of Antoine and the Odéon from over the Seine by the Luxembourg to the theatre that is now occupied by the Opéra Comique. Antoine has given the Odéon once again a place amongst the progressive theatres of Paris, but its distance from the rich residential quarters handicaps it. The Odéon is not making money, nor is that other State-subsidiated theatre, the Opéra Comique, and the managers of both of them attribute this to the fact that their theatres are too small for the crowds of people who wish to see the performances. A branch of the Bank of France is shortly leaving the premises it has occupied in the Rue de Choiseul, close to the Opéra Comique. This building was originally a theatre, and had a larger seating accommodation than the Opéra Comique. It is proposed that M. Albert Carré and the

company of the present Opéra Comique shall move into this building when it has been altered to suit its new uses, that M. Antoine and his comedians shall cross the Seine and establish the "Second Comédie Française" in the Opéra Comique building, and that the Odéon shall, like the Cluny, be just an ordinary theatre, playing farces and comedies for the delectation of the students of the Quartier Latin.



RIVALLING IN INTEREST THE PETER PAN OF KENSINGTON GARDENS: A BLACK SWAN SITTING.

"For the time being," writes the contributor of this photograph, "the Peter Pan of Kensington Gardens has been deserted by many of his child admirers, in favour of a black swan sitting on half-a-dozen eggs in her nest on an island alongside the fountain at the end of the Serpentine."

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.

as a nuisance. Here in Paris such a thing as a cab-whistle is unknown.

The Paris Taxi-Drivers.

The Paris taxi-drivers make more continuous noise with their hooters than do the London chauffeurs, and they do this because they think that with giving warning of their approach their duty in regard to foot-passengers crossing the road begins and ends. If after being duly warned a pedestrian is run over, that is his affair, not that of the chauffeur. But the latter has his eyes very wide open

At intervals I have lifted up

my voice in these columns to protest against the cruelty of the rich to the rest of the community in London in sending their servants into the streets to blow whistles at all hours of the day and night for taxi-cabs. The strike has increased this nuisance, and when, at about eleven at night, all the available taxis go into the radius of the theatres and restaurants to secure profitable fares, the whistling that goes on in clubland and in the streets and squares of Mayfair is continuous. It has driven several distinguished authors into print on the subject, and a grim humourist has advertised in the *Times* for a whistler of such strength of lungs that the police will be obliged to summon him

for anyone on the side-walk who wants a taxi. The London taxi-drivers use their ears when their cabs are for hire; but those of Paris use their eyes. If there is not a taxi near the door of an hotel, one of the hotel *chasseurs* runs and gets one. The audience at a Paris theatre does not expect to find a row of taxis at the door: the people of all classes surge out into the street and pick up taxis as they



EVIDENTLY NOT IN FEAR OF SUFFRAGETTES, WHATEVER THEY MAY FEEL ABOUT THE SAFETY OF THEIR BOAT! MEMBERS OF THE OXFORD CREW TAKING A WALK AFTER THE MORNING'S OUTING AT PUTNEY.

Unusual precautions are being taken to guard the boats Oxford and Cambridge will use for the Inter-University Boat-Race, it having been rumoured that there are certain militant Suffragettes who may take as their motto "No votes for women; no boat-race for blues." There are stories also that there are fears that one or both of the coxes may be kidnapped before the day of the contest, or even on that day!

Photograph by Topical.

go along the boulevard. The only cab-whistle I have heard this week in Paris is in the possession of the policeman who regulates the traffic at the entrance to the Champs Elysées, and he blows it to bring all the vehicles to a standstill.



WE know that Englishmen take their pleasures sadly, and Lord de la Warr's recreations, as given in "Who's Who," recall the national characteristic. They are entered: "Recreations: Chairman, Bexhill Town Council; Captain, Bexhill Fire Brigade."



LIEUTENANT AND COMMANDER L. M. DARBYSHIRE, R.N., WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS VIVIENNE BRIDGES WAS FIXED FOR MARCH 4.

Lieutenant and Commander L. M. Darbyshire, of H.M.'s gunboat "Ringdove," is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Darbyshire, of Waterloo, Lancashire.

Photograph by Swaine.

golf-links, a score of bungalows, and Lord de la Warr's enthusiasm. One of these bungalows is a-building for Princess Pless, who will be the Lady President of the Cooden Beach Golf Club; and, sooner or later, there will be an hotel. Prince Pless, by the way, should know something of such enterprises. He built and tended a famous hostelry at Bad Salzbrunn, and so joined the ranks of Lord Dunraven, Lady Augusta Orr-Ewing, and the late Lord Leitrim, who all made a sportive business of food and lodging.

"*Coffee-Housing.*" Famous at Westminster for telling the brutal truth with a smile, and at Lyme Park for all the social arts, Lord Newton will add greatly to the gaieties of political entertaining in Belgrave Square. In London he is without the background of Elizabethan wainscoting,

which, he maintains, is the only thing that the Tory lords and ladies of the Midlands care to see when they call at Lyme Park; but his wit is better than a mile of wainscoting, and he has the knack of "coffee-housing" to the point of genius. "To coffee-house," by the way, is to gossip, and to gossip for preference in a gorgeous drawing-room.

Why the phrase should be thought good enough to pass just now into current speech in every smart country house probably Lord Newton himself does not know. It certainly is not neat enough to be of his own coining.



TO MARRY MISS MILICENT LATHOM BROWNE: CAPTAIN A. H. S. HOLDEN.

Captain Holden, of the A.S.C., is the third son of the Rev. James Shuttleworth Holden, Rector of Aston-on-Trent, Derby.

Photograph by Swaine.

The Arresting Sargent.

Mr. Sargent's admirers are busy with a nice point in attribution. When Mr. Arthur Lemon died a number of the pictures left in his studio required some such slight finishing process as the filling in of a corner or the clearing up of an obscure passage to make them presentable—or buyable. The other day, at the private view at the Goupil Gallery, somebody announced that the brush of no ordinary good Samaritan had been at work; in other words, that several of the pictures in the exhibition are Lemon-Sargents. One critic would not acknowledge the Sargentine flick in any of them; another declared that only two or three canvases had been treated; and the general opinion was that one big canvas bore a considerable amount of the Master's brushwork. All were eager and alert, for even a doubtful or subsidiary Sargent is an enticing object at a time when nothing on earth prevails upon Mr. Sargent to accept a commission.



MISS DOROTHY AUGERAUD, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO LIEUTENANT AND COMMANDER ROGER V. ALISON, R.N., WAS FIXED FOR MARCH 4.

Miss Augeraud is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Augeraud, of The Chase, Eastbourne, and Stafford Lodge, Burnham. Commander Alison, of H.M.'s torpedo-boat destroyer "Foyle," is the son of Captain C. Alison, formerly Chief Constable for Somerset.—[Photograph by Swaine.]



ENGAGED TO MR. HARRY ERNEST TATOR: MISS ABEL SMITH.

Miss Abel Smith is the eldest daughter of Mrs. Francis Abel Smith, of Cole Orton Hall, Ashby de la Zouche. Mr. Tator is the son of the late Mr. Ernest Tator, of Ashtead, Surrey.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

Mr. Sargent's admirers are busy with a nice point in attribution. When Mr. Arthur Lemon died a number of the pictures left in his studio required some such slight finishing process as the filling in of a corner



MISS VIVIENNE BRIDGES, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO LIEUTENANT AND COMMANDER L. M. DARBYSHIRE, R.N., WAS FIXED FOR MARCH 4.

Miss Bridges is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Bridges, of Southsea.

Photograph by Swaine.

Musicians All. With one or two exceptions the King's guests the other night at Buckingham Palace and the Queen's Hall share his Majesty's love of music. Lord Redesdale knows as much about bamboo-pipes as Sir Henry Wood about fiddles; Lord Sandhurst has a voice fit for Covent Garden; Lord Ripon and Sir Hubert Parry need no gloss; and King Manuel is an industrious performer on a difficult instrument. And there remain only one or two gentlemen whose only joy at a smoking concert is—the smoking.

An Untasted Feast.

The report that Queen Alexandra was to give a banquet in celebration of the anniversary of her wide and confident do no more than religiously leave it alone until the publication of the inevitable official contradiction. The inventors of the feast were at some pains to make it go well; they changed (on paper) the plans of various members of the royal family in order that the company might be fully representative, and otherwise edited

Queen Alexandra's own programme. As a matter of fact, her Majesty had more or less decided to leave London before the day of the fabricated festival; but, whether in town or out of it, she will be equally far from entertaining in the manner suggested.

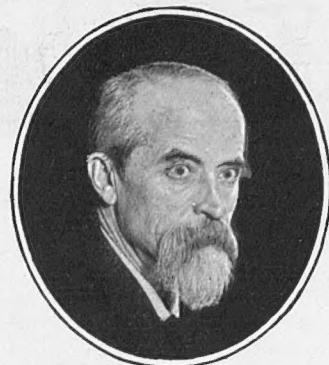


TO MARRY CAPTAIN A. H. S. HOLDEN: MISS MILICENT LATHOM BROWNE.

Miss Lathom Browne is the only daughter of the Rev. R. C. Lathom Browne, Rector of Hever, Kent.

Photograph by Swaine.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



M. LEPINE—FOR SURVIVING A LONG TERM OF OFFICE AS PREFECT OF THE FRENCH POLICE.



EX-SULTAN ABDUL HAMID—FOR PITTING EUROPEAN MEN, VICTIMS OF THE TYRANNY OF WOMAN.



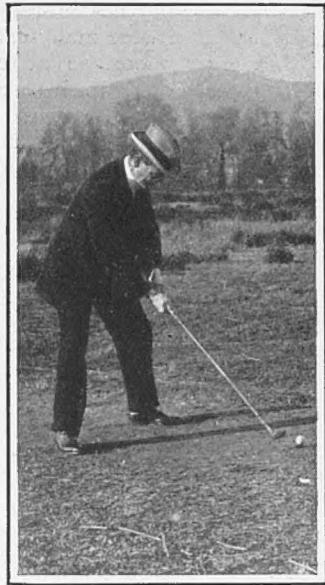
MAJOR-GENERAL E. C. BETHUNE—FOR SAYING A GOOD WORD FOR THE TERRITORIALS.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



DR. WOODROW WILSON—FOR STRAP-HANGING AND SETTING AN EXAMPLE OF POLITENESS.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.



SIR RUFUS ISAACS—FOR PLAYING GOLF WITH THE LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION.

Photograph by March.



MR. W. A. STEWART—FOR SCORING FOUR TRIES FOR SCOTLAND AGAINST IRELAND.

Photograph by Reeks.



MISS CURRA DUNNE—FOR BEING AN INTERNATIONAL HOCKEY PLAYER AT THIRTEEN.



MR. INMAN—FOR MAKING A RECORD BREAK WITH IVORY BALLS AT BILLIARDS.



MR. R. E. STRAWBRIDGE—FOR BEING AN AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE AND BECOMING MASTER OF A FAMOUS ENGLISH HUNT.

Photograph by Howard Barrett.



MR. LLOYD GEORGE—FOR SINKING PARTY DIFFERENCES AND PLAYING GOLF WITH MR. BONAR LAW.

Photograph by March.



MR. BONAR LAW—FOR PLAYING IN A FOURSOME WITH MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND SIR RUFUS ISAACS AT CANNES.

Photograph by March.



LORD FARRER—FOR SUGGESTING THAT SMOKING SHOULD BE ALLOWED IN PARLIAMENT AND IN CHURCH.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

M. Lepine, the popular Prefect of the French police, has now resigned.—Abdul Hamid has written in his diary: "As I observe the stern, imperious faces of Western women a comparison with them easily favours our women. . . . In Europe a woman has too many liberties to remain womanly . . . the lot of men there must be truly lamentable."—Major-General Bethune, Director-General of the Territorials, recently criticised the Press for garbling his speeches and suggesting that he thought the Territorials a failure. Later he said: "I do not think we are failing."—Dr. Woodrow Wilson the other day had to stand for an hour as a strap-hanger in a crowded railway-carriage. He gave up his seat to a lady.—At Cannes recently the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Attorney-General, and the Leader of the Opposition sank Party differences and played in a foursome at golf. The fourth player was Mr. A. E. W. Mason, formerly Liberal Member for Coventry.—In the Scotland v. Ireland Rugby football match at Edinburgh on Feb. 22, Mr. W. A. Stewart, a Scottish three-quarter, scored four tries.—Miss Curra Dunne played for Ireland against Scotland in the ladies' international hockey match at Dublin on Feb. 27.—Inman, the well-known billiard-player, the other day made 894, the highest break with ivory balls since the abolition of the push stroke.—Mr. R. E. Strawbridge has succeeded General Brocklehurst as Master of the Cottesmore.—Discussing an incident at a recent meeting of the Surrey Small Pox Hospital Committee, at which he smoked a cigar, Lord Farrer said the other day: "I am most strongly of opinion that smoking should be allowed in the Houses of Parliament. . . . It is a pity it has been given up in church. Sermons have to be so short."

When the Hurly-Burly's Done.

The Costume Ball. When the instructions to *do* the Chelsea Arts Club Annual Costume Ball arrived, I certainly gaped, wondering whether it could truly be within the scope of a dramatic critic who ere now has been described as "a sad-eyed, long-haired crank enthusiast of the malodorous Norwegian drama." However, I soon saw the point. Our Editor has been reading some of the attacks upon us, charging us with being narrow-minded, academic, non-human, ignorant of the world etc., and, therefore, has determined to widen the horizon of "Monocle," to open his other eye and show him life. Hence the sacred mission of culture, and the appearance of "Monocle" at the Albert Hall, disguised as a gentleman (of the twentieth century) wearing a Venetian cloak of bottle-green, with a (slightly soiled) almond-blossom-tinted cape, whereby hangs a tale. For the emissary sent to get the garment, on being told the price of the hiring, exclaimed: "I don't mean to buy half-a-dozen, but to hire one." Yet they made him pay a guinea for the night — base are the uses of monopoly; perhaps something extra was charged for a patch and a piece of fretwork design due to the efforts of the moths. When I arrived — circa half-past-ten of the clock — I seemed to be the last drop in the bucket; but I am assured that thousands came afterwards — which seems to prove that the water could be expanded. What a sight! — what sounds! — what a hurly-burly! — what a —

Oh, for the pen of the football reporter, of one of those wonderful derangers of epitaphs, those transmutators of tenses and masters of maddening journalese, that I might use his super-bejewelled phrases to describe the scene!

The Amazing Costumes.

Pierrots to penguins. Fancy that — fancy the splendidly unselfish desire of four heroes — or heroines — dressed up and masked suffocatingly to represent penguins. From Scylla to Charybdis, for there certainly were extremes in costume which met in one another's arms, and one could see a Puritan maiden "Hitchy-Koo-ing" with a perspiring Cavalier; and a Columbine Turkey-trotting with a Roman emperor, and afterwards with a Chinese idol. A feature of the affair was the rage of the ladies to assert their legs: Pierrots — not 'ettes — French students, French *ouvriers*, Rosalinds, Ganymedes, Japs, page-boys, Venetian courtiers, Apaches, planters, and all sorts of male creatures represented by ladies, to say nothing of the hosts of ballet-girls, Columbines, Javanese, etc. And, as an honest chronicler, I can state that, after careful scrutiny, I came to the conclusion that most of the ladies in question justified their adventure by the shape of what they exhibited. The most charming effects came from the concerted groups, such as a band of gipsies from "Gipsy Love," including some very pretty girls. Indeed, I hung about their box in the faint hope of being stolen by gipsies,

like the hero of many stories; whilst if one of them had offered to tell my fortune, I might have crossed her hand with gold — at the expense of *The Sketch*. Also a jolly band of Dutches — male and female — with vast hats and patched pants and pipes. There were even more formal matters, such as the burlesque bull-fight. Indeed, some self-sacrificing mortals presented very droll quadrupeds, and gambolled fiercely.

The Decorations and the Dancing.

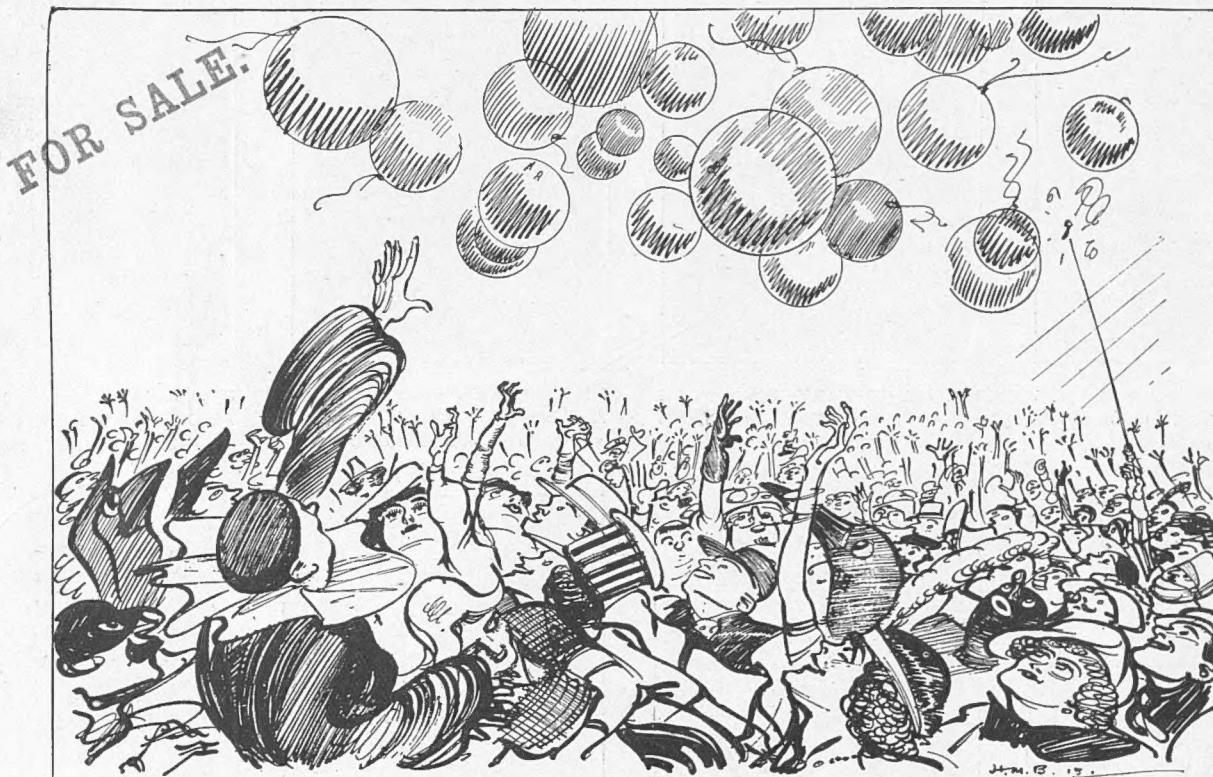
The building was decked with red-and-white striped streaming stuff and green-and-red paper roses, and hanging on high were many-coloured toy balloons, which came away from their moorings at chosen moments. The organ was hidden by a piece of Spanish scenery — for it was a Goya ball, and everyone knows all about Goya. In the centre was a statue of Venus on a tall pedestal. And whilst we danced to the strains of a splendid band, vast limelights played upon us — red, yellow, violet, even green, beams flooded the place; it is doubtful whether we liked the unbecoming green rays. Not too much room for dancing, perhaps, till long after midnight, and yet we danced. At moments movement seemed impossible to dancers more substantial than one of the seventy thousand angels who, according to the Eastern phrase, can dance on the point of a needle. And still we danced, and kicked, and bumped, and banged

one another, and we danced till the powder ran out of our shoes and even down the faces of some of us — in chalky streams. Indeed, to carry out the Editor's scheme, even "Monocle" danced, and with a very handsome lady who represented, I think, a mediæval matron — anyhow, she had pretty blonde hair in pigtails that tickled him agreeably, and she danced admirably, and took the kicks, and bumps, and bangs, and shoves, and crushes with smiling patience.

Our Gaiety.

Who it was that said we amuse ourselves *moult tristement*, I forget; but the ball would have changed his views. For we were tremendously jolly — in a massive, concrete kind of way. The kind of Gallic gaiety that I recollect in masked balls at the Paris Opera House (the Editor does not know that I played the game years ago) was not present. We cannot frisk lightly, but we frisked energetically and enjoyed it enormously. Even the crowding had its advantages, for it broke the ice — a habit of crowds. And the spectacle was wonderful. Looking down from the Press-box — full of pretty journalists in quaint dresses — one saw an amazing whirl of form and colour which, with the music of the big band, had an intoxicating effect. But I looked vainly in the Press-box for our Artist. Where was he? Perhaps he surveyed mankind — from Chinese to Peruvians — concealed as a penguin; or was he taking notes from inside the bull? And there was a very suspicious-looking ambulatory lamp-post. I wonder.

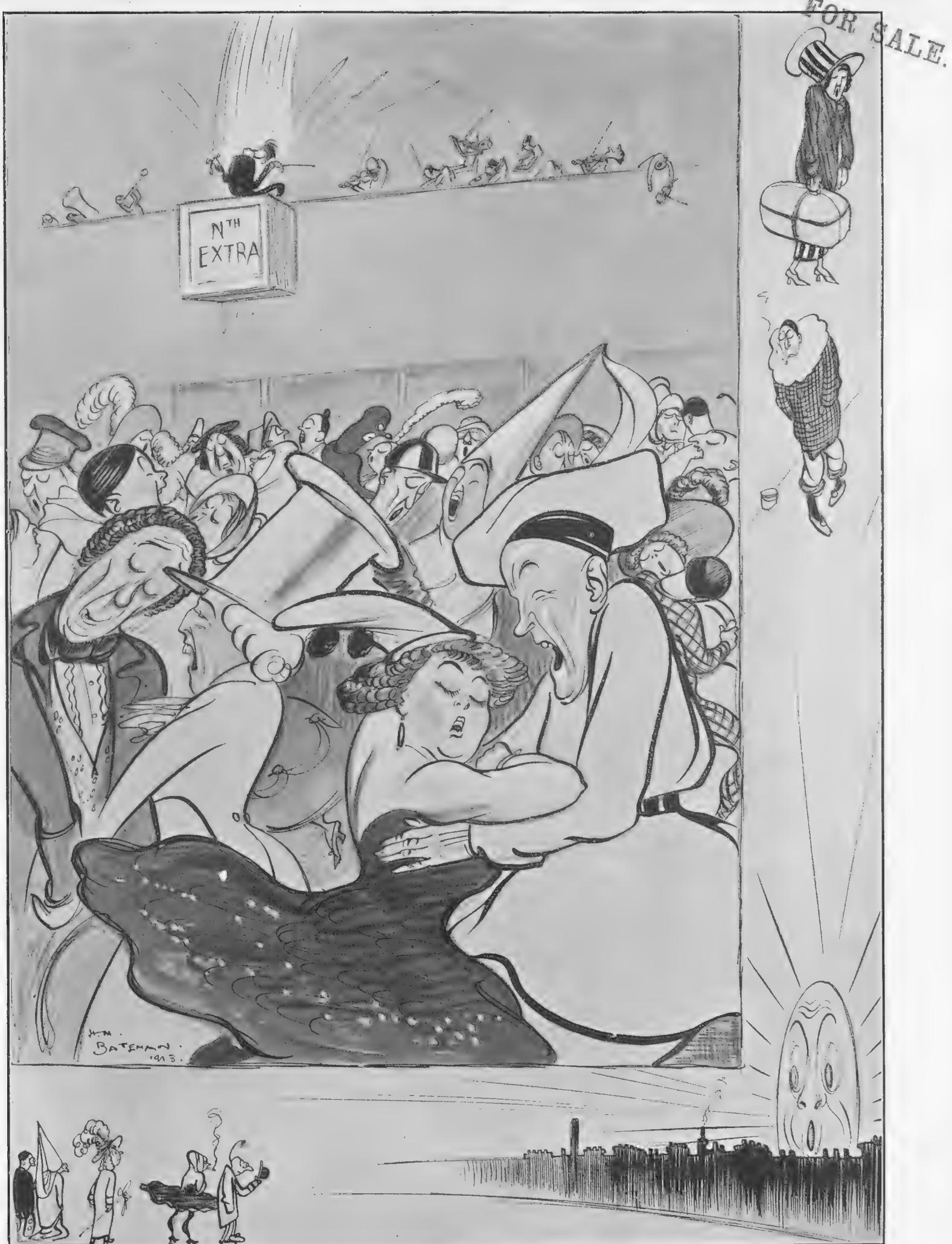
E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)



EVERYONE WAS DOING IT! THE FALLING OF THE BALLOONS FROM THE DOME
AT THE CHELSEA ARTS CLUB BALL.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: THE CHELSEA ARTS CLUB BALL.



THAT 5 A.M. FEELING! THE YAWNING PERIOD OF THE WANING DANCE.

The Chelsea Arts Club held its annual costume ball last week, at the Albert Hall. The affair was a great success.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN.

MR. MORGAN'S art purchases, like that of the Amherst papyri, claim our interest, of course, but news of his illness keeps the world in suspense. His indispositions are more portentous than the deaths of the Emperor Menelik. An injudicious telegram from the banks of the Nile disturbed the banks of England and America, and the whole Morganatic system of finance was instantly intrat upon the bulletins issued from Shepheard's Hotel. Mr. Morgan's indispositions remind us that he is a man. Without them he becomes a little inhuman, the figure-head of finance, always hurried away from his fellows in special trains, hidden among millions and Old Masters, a legend, a romance, a myth; a personage, perhaps, but not a person.

The Obscure Public Man. That is what "publicity" does for Mr. Morgan. In so far as he is a public man he is unknown. Moreover, as it happens that, by reason of his familiarity with the public purse, he is the most public of public men, he is also the most unknown. He is too big a subject for any interviewer, and far less easy of access than an average king. Even New York respects his privacy, and knows nothing. And if it did not respect his privacy, it would still be at a loss to devise a way of invading it. Half his descents upon Wall Street (he still works in his office, when he is within range, a daily couple of hours) are made from the *Corsair*, a yacht as big as a small battle-ship. His whole habit of life circumvents the random revelations usually made of great men who descend to acquaintanceships. Mr. Morgan has no acquaintanceships; he never sees anybody but his friends; and even this brief page could not have been written save from a privileged point of view.

His Silence. Mr. Morgan's silence is his most salient characteristic. For him figures have been the things that mattered, figures steadfastly mastered in his own mind. And figures, while they have their equivalents in words, make meagre conversation. His business has always been conducted with the least possible talk. Persuasion he has no use for. It makes him tired.

"J. P.," the Letter-Writer. He has never explained why he persisted in his determination to empty a third of the glass cases in the Victoria and Albert Museum. He never explains, never apologises, and never writes a letter. "I haven't written a letter for ten years," he told a lady for whom he might well have broken most of his good resolutions. That was two years ago, and still no letter! Telegrams, cables, circulars, commissioners, a secretary—all these are entrusted with the safe conduct of his messages. The longer process, like the longer sentence that is sometimes expected of him at a dinner

or a committee-meeting, he will never put himself to the trouble of composing.

The Library, N.Y. He is not inarticulate for want of interest in letters and Letters. His own particular seat in his New York library is within arm's-length of favourite shelves. Keats is his poet, and no private collection in the world holds so many Keats manuscripts. But the library is something more than a library. The first thing to catch the eye in the ante-room is a bust of the Kaiser, from the Kaiser. Another, further on, of Paul Jones, expresses a national enthusiasm; and a portrait of Mr. Morgan's father is the only picture in his own apartment. Elsewhere are the early Raphael, the Francia, the Botticelli, each a chosen thing, and approved by the Bodes and Berensons of the world of experts. But two things remind one that Mr. Morgan is not entirely in the hands of the learned foreigners. The portrait of his father is the portrait of a collector from whom the son inherited sound judgment and many treasures; the second thing is the old stained-glass let into the window. Mr. Morgan bought it when, as a youth, he was travelling in Europe with a tutor and a comparatively small allowance. His inclination, as well as his money, is at the back of his collecting; although his inclination without the money would have made less headway.

Financier and Fancier. His own particular subjects are porcelain and Pekingese spaniels. "Dog-fancier" he calls himself, to vary the wearisome title of financier. He has a favourite vase, a favourite spaniel, and a favourite granddaughter. "Chung" and Helen Hamilton divide his affections. The dogs are provided with wonderful Chinese arrangements in black lacquer and red velvet, in the shape rather of a *prie-dieu* than a kennel. And *prie-dieux* they are called by those who know how deeply religious their owner is.

"Chic." No. 13, Prince's Gate is not Mr. Morgan's only house in England. The pictures are there; but the spaniels live for the most part in Dover House, Roehampton; and Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan jun. has London headquarters in Grosvenor Square. Mr. Morgan has, besides the house in Madison Square, New York, an Egyptian dwelling in the Desert, a house at Newport, and a yacht. In all of these Mrs. Burns, his beloved sister, and the mother of Mrs. Lulu Harcourt, is his constant companion. It would be hard to say what city or continent has the majority of his friends, or the greatest claims upon him; but New York is perhaps his natural home. "J. P." has pedigree and the fond approval of the Four Hundred; "Oh, sure, Mr. Morgan's chic," said a New Yorker to me the other day. Chic, and seventy-five!



MR. JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN.

Mr. John Pierpont Morgan, the world-famous financier whose smallest ailments are calculated to cause flutterings on many a Stock Exchange, was born on April 17, 1837. In "Who's Who," he gives his recreations as "dog-fancier and yachtsman"; but surely he should have added to these "art-collector"!—[Photograph by Mendelssohn.]

'CHASING: THE GUARDS' POINT-TO-POINTS AND GRAND MILITARY.'



1. AT THE GUARDS AND COTTESMORE HUNT STEEPECHASES: THE MARCHIONESS OF GRAHAM, DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF THE DUKE OF MONTROSE.

2. WITH HIS THE CLOWN, WINNER OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS RACE FOR LORD MANNERS' CUP: MR. J. S. C. ROSE.

3. RETURNING TO SCALE AFTER THE SCOTS GUARDS RACE: LIFEBOY, THE WINNER (MR. G. LODER, OWNER, UP).

4. WATCHING THE SADDLING OF HIS MOUNT FOR THE GRENADIER GUARDS RACE: LORD HENRY SEYMOUR, BROTHER OF THE MARQUESS OF HERTFORD.

5. WINNER OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS REGIMENTAL CHALLENGE CUP: DUBLIN, WITH MR. M. BECKWITH SMITH, HIS OWNER AND RIDER.

The Guards' Point-to-Point Steeplechases were held at Hambleton, near Oakham, in the Cottesmore country, in conjunction with the Cottesmore Hunt Steeplechases. Major Hughes Onslow was the starter; the judges were Lord Lonsdale, Lord Methuen, Colonel Lambton, and Major Jeffreys.—[Photographs by Barrett and Sport and General.]



1. LEADING IN THE WINNER OF THE GRAND MILITARY GOLD CUP, AT SANDOWN PARK: MR. E. H. WYNDHAM'S ANOTHER DELIGHT (OWNER UP).

2. THE RACE FOR THE GOLD CUP: TAKING THE FIRST JUMP.

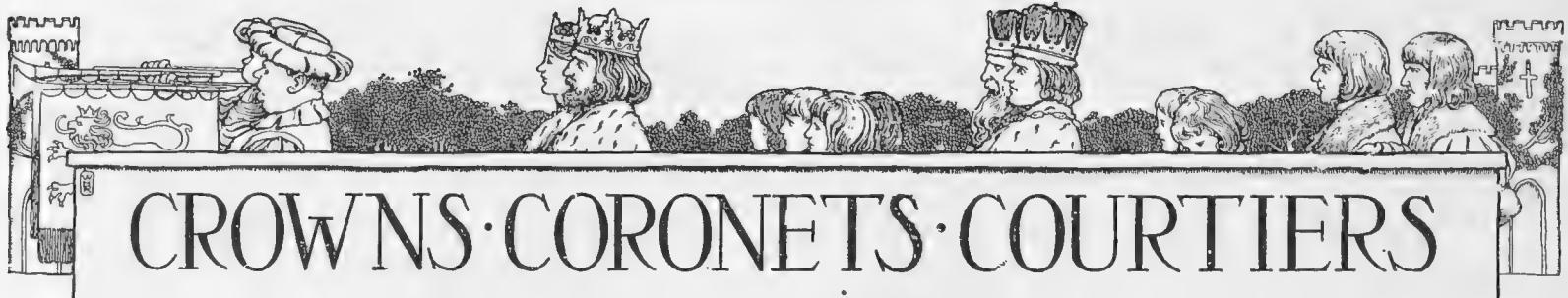
3. VERY WELL KNOWN AS A SPORTSMAN: SIR CLAUDE CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY.

4. MUCH INTERESTED IN THE RACING: BRIGADIER-GENERAL PORTER, C.B.

5. AT SANDOWN PARK FOR THE GRAND MILITARY: COLONEL SIR PHILIP CHETWODE.

6. EX-M.P. FOR THE STRATFORD-ON-AVON DIVISION: CAPTAIN MALCOLM KINCAID-SMITH.

The Grand Military meeting at Sandown Park was honoured by a visit from the King on Feb. 28. The race for the Grand Military Gold Cup was of especial interest in that, for the second year in succession, Mr. E. H. Wyndham won the race on his horse Another Delight, which was carrying 13 stone, as, curiously enough, was Razorbill, which was second.—[Photographs by G.P.U. and C.N.]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIERS

THE King has many and constant foretastes of politics before the first of his own political dinners. Round Lord Iveagh's table in Grosvenor Place questions connected with the Legislature naturally arise, for his Majesty's host is personally involved in both Houses, with sons, a brother, and himself all called to Westminster. But Lord Iveagh has had many opportunities of learning that the King regards Party gossip as "shop," or as nearly "shop" as any topic can be for a reigning monarch when he is not among other reigning monarchs. A political atmosphere in Grosvenor Place when his Majesty visits there would distress Lord Iveagh as much as a smell of cooking would distress the ladies of the house.

Royal Dinners. The King accepts all the responsibilities of a careful host at his semi-official dinners at Buckingham Palace. Even the menu has his eye, and in all other details his Majesty is no less attentive than was the late King. The Eastern potentate, once his guest, who refused every course except a chance dish of rice, was, on the next occasion, invited to bring his own food and his own cook, which he did. The precedent holds good, and even the extra abstinences observed by Roman Catholics during Lent are remembered in the kitchens at Buckingham Palace on a dinner day. That a stranger's *chef* should be sometimes admitted into royal kitchens is, perhaps, only a fair return of courtesies, for whenever the King and Queen dine out they are accompanied by a staff quite large enough,

dozen engagements in America. Her party included Lord and Lady Chesterfield, Lord and Lady Guernsey, the Hon. Geoffrey Howard, Lord Titchfield (valiant for the hunt the next day, in spite of a broken collar-bone and a crippled rein-arm), and a party of forty for dinner on the eve of Mrs. Guest's going.

The Eight Graces. The Courts, naturally enough, are the

paradise of the débutantes rather than the Duchesses, and only two of the latter were commanded to Buckingham Palace with the last fluttering flock of young women. Covent Garden, on the other hand, is their common trysting ground, and the night of the Court and the succeeding night saw a remarkable reunion in this particular class. The Duke and Duchess of Manchester, the Duchess of Marlborough, the Duke and Duchess of Portland, the Duchess of Beaufort, and the Duke and Duchess of Somerset made a total equal to the proudest records of the charity bazaars. Even "Hullo, Rag-Time!" which runs Nijinsky very close, falls short of eight Graces.

Off the Woolsack. Lord Haldane will spend three days in New York, "by special permission of the King." Most Scots succeed in the States, and if the Lord Chancellor's time is brief, he is in other ways admirably qualified for making his mark among Americans. He said lately that he was haunted by an unpleasant doubt as to his nationality. Domicile in England, he thought (and looked despairingly at a Scottish audience) might have made an Englishman of him. In



IN HER WEDDING - DRESS : LADY HOUSTOUN - BOSWALL.

The wedding of Sir George R. Houston-Boswall, Bt., and Miss Naomi Veronica Anstey took place the other day, after having been postponed, the bridegroom having to undergo an operation. Lady Houston-Boswall is the younger daughter of Colonel Anstey, R.E., and of Mrs. Anstey, of 45, Beaufort Gardens. Sir George, who is the fourth Baronet, and succeeded in 1908, was born in 1877, and was for a while a Lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

but far too skilled, to spoil the broth. By the way, that proverb has acquired a very ancient flavour by now. There was once, it seems, an England in which too many cooks were the menace. For even one cook we are thankful enough now.

The Parting Guest. Lord Iveagh started for Vienna the morning after his royal dinner-party, and Mrs. Frederick Guest caught the *Mauretania* in a swift motor a few hours after she had said good-bye to her own large house-party near Oakham. Had a single guest been unpunctual in departing, she would have been faced with the alternative of leaving him to his own devices among the cedars and cigars of her charming establishment, or have forfeited her cabin and broken a

Edinburgh he is a Scotsman; at Westminster an Englishman; to the porters at the War Office of old an "All Dane." Had he lived in America as long as he has lived in London, he would, past doubting, be an American. Three days will not work a change, but he is of the type which is completely Americanised in three years. Edinburgh, "metaphysics," Göttingen, and Westminster have all put their mark on him; but he is a potential Yankee for all that; and in New York he will meet a certain lawyer from the West whom Miss Haldane herself will hardly know from her brother. If there is any difference between the Lord Chancellor and his Californian double, it is that the Englishman has a look of another American as well—Mr. Henry James.



APPOINTED DEPUTY-MASTER OF THE KING'S HOUSEHOLD: LORD JOHN HAMILTON.

Lord John Hamilton succeeds the Hon. Sir Derek Keppel as Deputy-Master of the King's Household. He is the elder of the two brothers of the Duke of Abercorn (who succeeded in January), was born in 1883, and is a Captain in the Irish Guards.

Photograph by Lafayette.



ENGAGED TO THE REV. ROLAND AUDLEY SMITH: MISS MARGARET HALCRO ERSKINE HILL.

Miss Hill is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Hill, of Bridge of Allan. Mr. Smith, who is the second son of Colonel Granville Smith, C.V.O., C.B., and Lady Blanche Smith, sister of the Earl of Kintore, is curate at All Saints', South Lambeth.

Photograph by Amy Cassels.

OF THE SWISS FAMILY BULL: BRITISHERS AMONG THE ALPS.



1. SKATING AT MÜRRHEN: THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF LIMERICK.

2. INTENT ON "BOBBING": MR. O. S. LOCKER-LAMPSON, M.P. (STANDING), MISS LE GAY (IN FRONT), MRS. CONWAY FISHER RAW, AND MASTER DELMAR MORGAN.

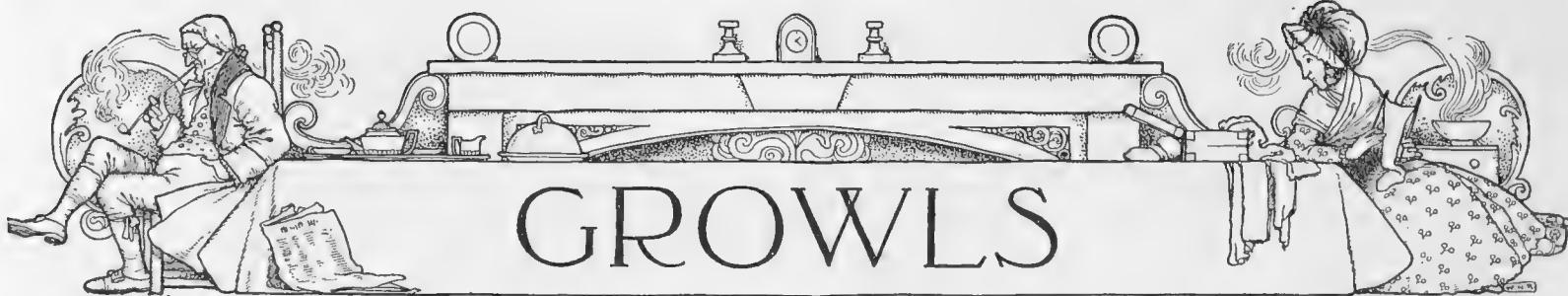
3. RUNNING AS SMOOTHLY AS HIS BOOKS AND PLAYS: MR. JEROME K. JEROME SKATING.

4. CURLING AT MORGINS: MAJOR PERCIVAL, D.S.O.

5. STARTING ON A SKI-RUNNING EXPEDITION: MR. AND MRS. E. CRAWSHAY-WILLIAMS.

6. FAR FROM THE SPEAKER'S EYE: MR. E. CRAWSHAY-WILLIAMS, M.P., (ON THE RIGHT) SETTING OUT FOR SKI-RUNNING.

British visitors form so large a proportion of those pursuing winter sport at this time of year in Switzerland that perhaps we may speak of them (slightly varying the title of a well-known book) as the Swiss Family Bull. A few particulars of those members of John Bull's family whose portraits appear on this page may here be given. The Dowager Countess of Limerick, of course, hails from John Bull's other island. She is the widow of the third Earl, and daughter of the late Chevalier James Colquhoun.—Mr. Oliver S. Locker-Lampson is M.P. (Conservative) for North Huntingdonshire.—Mr. Jerome K. Jerome is the well-known author, whose new play, "Esther Castways," is just finishing its run at the Prince of Wales's.—Major Arthur Jex-Blake Percival is a General Staff Officer at the War Office, and is an examiner and tester of aeroplanes.—Mr. Eliot Crawshay-Williams is M.P. (Liberal) for Leicester. He married, in 1908, Miss Alice Gay-Roberts.—[Photographs by Ulyett.]



THE TREACHERY OF TEA : THE AFTERMATH OF AFTERNOONS.

CLING as closely and as steadfastly as you will, say I, to the real and genuine institutions of the country, but do not be lured into mistaking fungoid growths for part of the original structure. I am inspired to adjure after this fashion by an infringement of my ordinary habits of which I was guilty a few afternoons ago. Yielding weakly to feminine suasion, I permitted myself to accept an invitation to tea at a club, and the result, irrespective of the tannin absorbed into my system, was a nervous shock. I discovered, after many years' deliberate abstention from such functions, that I was participating in an orgie of gossip and defamation of character, and I came away with a rooted impression that, in spite of Browning, all was not right with the world. After some hours of moody meditation, I arrived at the conclusion that the time had come for the restriction of tea-drinking. The brewing of a decoction of this particular leaf seems to exercise a malign influence over the human mind. It appears to embitter the nature of the drinker and to sour the milk of human kindness. The aroma that exudes from a tea-pot has power to blast the reputation of anyone whose name happens to be mentioned within its range, and envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness follow in its wake. I would not go quite so far as to advocate the total suppression of tea as a beverage. So far as my researches have gone, I have discovered no signs that it has a deleterious effect on the character when imbibed in the morning, and I would not, therefore, banish it from the breakfast-table, or, for that matter, from the bed. It is

later on in the day when it begins to exercise a baneful influence and to constitute a national menace.

Its Sequelae.

We are living to-day in an age when the finger of reform is poking its way into very many things, and in most cases in a totally wrong direction. There is an ever-increasing number of persons bent upon leading their fellow-creatures to better lives, but they all set to work in the wrong way. Societies are incorporated and endowed for the purpose of leading us, for instance, into the paths of total abstinence. Fanatics at the corners of the streets implore us to abandon the wicked way of alcohol, and

doing which can justly be laid to the charge of tea. I am not going to allow myself to become involved in a dissertation on the thorny question of Women's Suffrage, not being obsessed by any particularly deep-rooted convictions on the subject; suffice it to say that certain ladies

seem to set very much higher store on the privilege of recording an occasional vote than I do. But I think I am safe in saying that nearly all of us sternly deprecate the performances of the so-called militants, and here I come to my point. After an uncomfortably long period of keen analysis and weighty deliberation, I am prepared to attribute these outbreaks of lawlessness entirely to the habit of indiscriminate tea-drinking.

Not a word can be breathed against the general character of these unbridled breakers of windows and laws. Their lives are in all other respects blameless and abstemious, and only to an undue indulgence in the malignant leaf can this behaviour be ascribed.

A Matter of Urgency.

mitted. I cannot, for example, imagine a sanguinary revolution being brought to a successful issue on strictly teetotal lines. But nothing will convince me that the annals of the world can show any indication that at any period or in any country alcohol ever drove a would-be reformer to the idea that an extension of the franchise could best be secured by the extermination of orchids, or that the salvation of a sex could be achieved by the saturation of golf-greens with acetic acid. Nothing that I have ever seen or read goes to show that a being under the influence of wine or spirits ever conceived the notion that by the ignition of a pillar-box or the demolition of a pavilion could most effectively be promoted the welfare of the race. No, it is tea alone, tea consumed in countless cups, that can have conducted to such curious conceits. This malevolent beverage has for centuries been building up for itself an evil record, and now it does not stay its hand at open rebellion. Beginning with trivial tittle-tattle and proceeding first to sly insinuation and then to shameless slander, it has slowly warped the minds and imaginations of its devotees, until we are face to face with defiance of law and dethronement of order. Not until we take drastic steps to place the absorption of this insidious brew within due bounds can we hope to see the blessings of peace again crowning a smiling land. The matutinal cup has power to stimulate without inspiring to wholesale and indiscriminate destruction, and no finer feather could be flaunted in the cap of a Prime Minister than the crushing of a drug that drives its victims to deeds of blind and fatuous fury. Our afternoons have much to answer for.—MOSSTYN T. PIGOTT.



THE LAST SURVIVOR OF THE DOGS WHO ATTAINED THE SOUTH POLE WITH CAPTAIN AMUNDSEN: OBERSTEN.

Photograph by Record Press.



ACTOR AND FENCER TOO: MR. GERALD AMES, WHO IS PLAYING JOHN WORTHING (SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER'S PART) IN "THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

Mr. Gerald Ames, the well-known actor who was chosen to play Sir George Alexander's part in the present revival of "The Importance of Being Earnest," which will conclude on Friday, as Sir George is due to produce Mr. A. E. W. Mason's "Open Windows" on March 11, is an old Bensonian, and of late has been engaged chiefly in modern comedy in London, with Sir George Alexander, Sir Charles Wyndham, Mr. Charles Hawtrey, Mr. Robert Loraine, and other managers. He plays equally well in French and in English. As a fencer, he has been in the final of the Epée Championship for two years running; he founded the Actors' Sword Club; and he was one of the Englishmen who reached the semi-finals in the Individual Epée Championship at the Olympic Games at Stockholm last year.

From the Drawing by Frank S. Eastman.

innumerable laws are passed with a view to limiting our normal consumption, but I am convinced in my own mind that never in the history of the world did alcohol lead to the amount of wrong

PEOPLE TO WHOM WE HOPE WE ARE ALTOGETHER SUPERIOR!
FOR SALE.



68554 France

III.—THE MAN WHO ACCEPTS INVITATIONS AND DOESN'T TURN UP.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

FIVE O'CLOCK

FRIVOLITIES



THE VESTAL—FOR SHORT: IN RETREAT WITH A RIVIERA COLD.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London," and "Phrynette Married."

THERE is a fire in my room, an open wood fire; the hotel provides central heating, but it is so very central that the hall alone is at an equable temperature. This preambulatory grumble is to explain that I have got a terrific cold, that I am hunched up sadly in a Victorian armchair, with just my nose and my right hand emerging from rugs and furs. And, it was only yesterday that a scorching sun sowed freckles all over the aforesaid nose. Here Germaine, who, under pretext of nursing me, reads what I write, exclaims that she has always seen me with that same one! I have vainly tried to get rid of Germaine this afternoon, and do not need nursing, and still less irrelevant remarks, just when I want to have a nice, sooth-ing little talk with my amiable readers—all the more amiable that they never interrupt.

"Go!" I said, "and hear Mme. Colette Willy lecture on 'The Other Side of the Music-Hall.'"

"Know all about it," says Germaine: "learnt *de visu*, been in the coulisse often, Olympia, Cigale, Ambassadeurs, all—know them *in the corners!*"

I swallowed a eucalyptus lozenge she had just crammed into my mouth and gasped—

"Who—whoever took you? Not Georges, I suppose?" Georges Tréville is my brother, but nevertheless, I could hardly believe him culpable of so much, er—irresponsibility.

"Oh, no, not Georges," says Germaine (to girls of her generation there is nothing sacred—not even a young and jolly father). "I went there all by myself," she went on,

poking the fire in a way that threatened extinction. "I know one of the girls on the Paris music-hall stage—English—pretty, *comme un cœur*; we were at school in Brighton together. Tell me, then, Martouchekin, d'you know why English music-hall artists are so much nicer and more refined than our own?"

"Are they?" I said feebly, vainly trying to concentrate my best attention on you, amiable readers.

"Because," said Germaine, tying a

LAWN-TENNIS ON THE RIVIERA: MR. F. W. RAHE.

Mr. Rahe won the Men's Championship of the Côte d'Azur during the Cannes Club's Tournament of the other day. He won the same event in 1911, and this year was the victor at Beaulieu some few days before his success at Cannes.

Photograph by Lumsden-Dubost.

fox stole so tightly around my throat that I became purple in the face, "most of them are really great ladies. There are always ever so many more girls in English families than boys; all the money and the name go to the eldest boy, and, as the parents cannot give the girls a *dot*, they call them Lil or Poppy, and put them on a music-hall stage to be out of harm's way."

"Very ingenious," I nodded—and that is how, readers my friends, we write in French English history.

In nursing me, Germaine is salving her conscience, for she knows I caught that cold *carabiné* during the exercise of my duty by her. On Sunday there was to be at Cap Martin a Concours Hippique, with a brilliant military element.

We had two friends running there that day. We sallied forth from the hotel; the sun was shining, but the cold was so intense that Cap Martin might as well have been the North Cape! We remained for two hours under an icy blast to see a somewhat indifferent show. Riders and mounts were all that could be desired, but in my humble opinion the Hippodrome itself, hardly bigger than a circus, might be improved upon.

For two hours stoically I pretended that a green sunshade and a tailor-made of white satin were adequate to the occasion, until Germaine took pity on my blue lips and watery eyes, and brought me back to an arm-chair, a fire, and bottles of cough-mixture.

Germaine has killed my fire! "Never mind," says she, "get up and let us dance a Boston together; it will warm you up better than those miserable logs, and you'll be able to come to that luncheon to-morrow."

To-morrow, please the temperature of Nice and my own, we are going to "feed" at the Amiraute Restaurant facing the turquoise sea of old Menton (what Germaine calls the *double Menton*!). Sorry,

I should not quote my niece's puns were I in my usual state of health, but when you are weak with sneezing,



THE DUCAL POLO-PLAYER UNDER WHOSE AUSPICES THE BRITISH POLO TEAM WILL GO TO THE UNITED STATES: THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER AT CANNES.

Six players have already been selected to represent England against the United States—Captain R. G. Ritson, Captain Leslie Cheape, Mr. F. M. Freake, Mr. W. S. Buckmaster (Captain of the team) Captain George Bellville, and Lord Wodehouse.

Photograph by Lumsden-Dubost.



MUCH INTERESTED IN THE INTERNATIONAL POLO TROPHY: CAPTAIN E. D. MILLER, D.S.O.—AT CANNES. Captain E. D. Miller, formerly of the 17th Lancers, went recently to the United States to arrange for the proper stabling of the ponies to be used in the forthcoming contest for the International Polo Trophy. The first match is fixed to take place at Westbury, Long Island, on June 10.

Photograph by Lumsden-Dubost.

"Razer," interrupts Germaine, "he occupied four-fourths of your last article. If it were not an English public you are writing for, you'd be compromised already, though"—poising her inches over her little tocs—"fortunately I am here to chaperon you!"

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW — !

FOR SALE



THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER (*assuming the Kew Tea Pavilion fire to have been caused by militant vote-seekers*) :

'Ow did them Suffragettes get into the gardens?

THE FACETIOUS P.C. : On the Kew Tea !

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE AND EDUCATION AS TRANSFORMERS OF THE LADIES OF THE HAREM.*

A White
Tarradiddle.

Pierre Loti's famous book, "Les Désenchantées." Publication came about in this wise: in the preface to the work it was written, "This

novel is pure fiction; those who take the trouble to find real names for Zeyneb, Melek, or André will be wasting their energy, for they never existed." That was a white tarradiddle. The words were written to protect Zeyneb Hanoum and Melek, who were chiefly responsible for the information contained in the Loti story. The precaution proved most unnecessary, for the ladies in question, feeling that their identity was certain to be revealed to those reading between lines, fled to Europe before the tale figured in public places at a price all might pay as they chose. By this time, Zeyneb Hanoum, at least, has repented of her modern attitude. Désenchantée she left the East; désenchantée she has returned to it from the West. Her experiences in Europe were well worth the telling as she recounts them; but, candidly, we feel that, absorbing as they often are, they will fascinate the English, at least, less than do her notes about the educated Turkish woman.

THE HEROINE OF PIERRE LOTI'S "LES DÉSENCHANTEES": ZEYNEB HANOUM IN HER PARIS DRAWING-ROOM WEARING THE YASHMAK, AND FERADJÉ, OR CLOAK.

Reproduced from "A Turkish Woman's European Impressions," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Seeley, Service and Co.

the influence of the Second French Empire. One day . . . I shall look up the papers which give a description of the Empress Eugénie's visit to the East. No doubt they will treat her journey as a simple exchange of courtesies between two Sovereigns . . . few women of that time were aware of the revolution that this visit had on the lives of the Turkish women. The Empress of the French was incontestably beautiful—but she was a woman, and the first impression which engraved itself on the understanding of these poor Turkish captives was that their master, Abdul Aziz, was paying homage to a woman . . . In honour of a woman, a jewelled palace in marble and gold was being built. . . . For a woman had been prepared rose and gold caiques all carpeted with purple velvet. From a magnificent little Arabian kiosk, specially built, Ottoman troops passed in review before a woman; even her bath sandals were all studded with priceless gems; no honour was too high, no luxury too great for this woman. The Sultanas could think of nothing else."



ENJOYING SILENT COMMUNION: "GOSSIP" OF A GROUP OF TURKISH WOMEN.

Turkish women will often spend an afternoon in silent communion.

Reproduced from "A Turkish Woman's European Impressions," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Seeley, Service and Co.

* "A Turkish Woman's European Impressions," By Zeyneb Hanoum, Heroine of Pierre Loti's novel, "Les Désenchantées." Edited, and with Introduction, by Grace Ellison. With 23 Illustrations from Photographs, and a Drawing by Auguste Rodin. (Messrs. Seeley, Service and Co.; 6s. net.)

Sincerest Flattery. The direct result, affirms Zeyneb, was that the wives of the high officials copied as closely as might be the appearance of the Empress. "They divided their hair in the middle, and spent hours in making little bunches of curls. . . . They even adopted the hideous crinolines. . . . As might be supposed, the middle-class soon followed the example of the palace ladies and adopted Western costume." With change of dress came other transformations. The more the women and girls read of the Occident, "the greater was their suffering. . . . It was at the beginning of the reign of Abdul Hamid that this craze for Western culture was at its height. The terrible war, and the fall of the two beloved Sultans, woke the women from their dreams. From odalisques they became mothers and wives, determined to give their children the education they themselves so badly needed. The new monarch then endowed the Ottoman Empire with schools for little girls. . . . This was the first step that Turkish women had made towards their evolution."



SHOWING A BRIDAL THRONE: THE DRAWING-ROOM OF A TURKISH HAREM.

On the Bridal Throne the Turkish woman sits on her wedding-day to receive her friends' good wishes. It remains the chief seat in the harem. In the Imperial Palace it is a fine throne, in poor houses only a glorified chair, but it is always there.

Reproduced from "A Turkish Woman's European Impressions," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Seeley, Service and Co.

was born of knowledge; the apple, long forbidden, proved ashes in the mouth when plucked and tasted. Unrest came upon the women, and with Zeyneb, flight to Europe and its lack of surveillance did not palliate matters. She was soon asking herself "Is this really freedom?" Towards the end of six years, she wrote: "You who know what our life is in Turkey, and how we have been kept in glass cases and wrapt in cotton-wool, with no knowledge of the meaning of life, will understand what the awful change means, and how impossible for a Turkish woman is Western life. . . . If only my experience could be of use to my compatriots who are longing as I longed six years ago for the freedom of the West, I shall never regret having suffered." So she came to write, at the end of the dream: "In just a week from to-day I shall again be one of those unrecognisable figures who cross and recross the silent streets of our town—someone who no longer belongs to the same world as you—someone who must not even think as you do—someone who will have to try and forget. . . . It is in the West that I have learned to appreciate my country. . . . The countries I have seen are beautiful enough, but civilisation has spoiled them. . . . My tchatchaff is ready, and once we have passed the Piraeus I shall put it on. . . ."—That for one of the many engrossing phases of Zeyneb Hanoum's "Impressions." The rest have at least as great an appeal. All must be read.



IN OUT-DOOR DRESS: A TURKISH LADY IN THE TCHARCHAFF.

During the reign of Abdul Aziz Turkish ladies wore the yashmak in the street; now they wear a thick black veil through which they can see and are not supposed to be seen. The woman must always wear gloves.

Reproduced from "A Turkish Woman's European Impressions," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Seeley, Service and Co.

CONTRACTOR: W. HEATH ROBINSON.

FOR SALE.



HAS THE ABOLITION OF THE SUBWAY OBIATED THIS? PROPPING UP AND REPAIRING ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



THE AMERICAN AND THE TAMIL.

BY MAJOR SYMONS.

AFTER many strenuous years of alternating fortune, Mr. Silas F. Beck had at last decided that his pile was made. It is probable that, had he been left to himself, he would have failed to discover his condition of financial satiety. Silas, however, had long ago been taught that his daughter Mamie had been born to rule. What Mamie ordered Silas performed.

Lately it had begun to dawn upon Miss Mamie that, as the only daughter of one of Chicago's successes, it behoved her to spread her wings. Chicago was a wonderfully constituted city, but, if only for the purpose of appreciating her native land the better, Mamie had come to the conclusion that she must make the trip to Europe.

Now, to say that Mamie had decided was tantamount to advertising Silas's intentions. The latter, indeed, had at first received his instructions with consternation. But as the prospect familiarised itself, he began rather to like it.

Of any place in the universe other than America Silas knew practically nothing. His nose, in fact, had been in touch with the financial grindstone for so many years that, beyond the realms of finance, he was as ignorant as a child. He had no time for books, barely time for sleep. Suddenly, at Mamie's suggestion, he awoke to the fact that he was a tired man. To put his affairs in order was not a difficult business. To take tickets for Europe was a matter of a few minutes.

For a man with the history of Silas F. Beck, it was wonderful how easily he threw off the trammels of his business as soon as the blue ocean cut him adrift from the share market. Possessed, however, of an exceedingly active mind, it became necessary for him to concentrate his thoughts upon something. So he chose to study his daughter.

Mamie Beck had ideas. Paintings, sculpture, and art bric-à-brac, collected from European sources, had lately been claiming her attention. To be mistress of a home filled with such trophies was, she decided, a most desirable condition of American life. Besides, it was the fashionable thing to do.

Imparting her ideas to her father, Mamie found a ready listener. What other Americans could do Silas Beck could undoubtedly do also. Chicago aspirations admitted no limit. Silas, nodding his white head intelligently, absorbed his daughter's words, in readiness for a fray which offered decided sport.

In due course the studios of London, Paris, and Rome welcomed the American millionaire with open arms. Of men and matters Silas was daily learning more than he had ever believed possible. His colossal ignorance, however, by no means appalled him. What he failed to understand in the strange conditions of foreign life was due, he stoutly contended, to want of American brains in Europe. And it may be added that, wherever he went, he was by no means diffident in expressing his views relative to the needed alterations.

Mamie enjoyed herself thoroughly. With plenty of money to spend, vivacious, pretty, and enthusiastic, she found the journey of life most entrancing.

To explore Egypt thoroughly took ten days. Then, looking about for other worlds to conquer, Silas interviewed a tourist agent, smoked a cigar whilst the latter discoursed of the East, and promptly bought tickets to cover the remaining half-circle of the globe.

To describe in detail the various works of art—and otherwise—which proceeded in a never-ending stream of packing-cases towards Chicago would be a wearisome task. The subject upon record, indeed, has nothing to do with great purchases. Nevertheless, of all the bargains which Silas now contemplates in his Chicago home, there is none which holds his thoughts so often as the trifles for which Ceylon was responsible. And yet, of that spicy little island he never speaks.

The journey through the Red Sea provided much food for Biblical thought, and a certain rearrangement of Silas's ideas relative to the wanderings of the Children of Israel. The Indian Ocean he found decidedly dull. In the smoking-room Silas drank many cocktails, smoked innumerable cigars, put the universe right upon American lines, and "swapped lies" all day long.

Then somebody lent him a book on Ceylon. Out of sheer ennui he read it. Tea-planting, except for its profits (which were not mentioned), did not interest him in the least. At last, however, his

whole attention became riveted upon a picture of the pearl fisheries—natives, ignorant black men, diving for possible fortunes.

In contemplative satisfaction, Silas glanced across the deck to where Mamie, engaged in a flirtation with a young Ceylon tea-planter, was leaning against the rail. To cover her lissom neck with pearls would afford a delightful pastime.

Lighting a fresh cigar, Silas mopped his perspiring brow, ordered a fresh cocktail, and sauntered towards the couple on deck.

"Say, Mr. Seymour," said he, "do you know anything about the place where the pearls come from?"

The planter, a clean-limbed, fair-haired Englishman, met his questioner's alert grey eyes with polite attention.

"Yes, I visited the place one year," answered he. "Rather good sport! The divers come all the way from the Persian Gulf. The thing to do is to buy up loads of pearl oysters as they are brought ashore. The oysters are auctioned. Amateur syndicates often bid. One may be lucky, or get nothing. Who can tell?"

"Humph!" grunted Silas, his eyes twinkling. "Would you like some pearls, Mamie?"

The girl laughed softly, and met Mr. Seymour's admiring gaze with an absence of consciousness that was delightful.

"I am sure that *everything* in Ceylon must be delicious," answered she.

Silas made no reply. The spirit of speculative battle had awakened from its sleep within him. To be up and doing in any market seemed food and drink to him. With only natives to deal with, however, the contest would, it seemed, be so ridiculously easy that its savour would be lost. "Niggers," as he designated all classes of the East alike, were, in his opinion, nothing but ignorant savages.

"How do you get there?" asked he suddenly.

"Oh, I would hire a motor-car in Colombo if I were you," replied Seymour casually. "Take some food in the car, and trust to luck for shelter. You won't suffer from cold, whatever happens."

"H'm!" grunted Silas. "Have a cocktail?"

The mail-boat dropped anchor in Colombo Harbour at daybreak. Silas, following the crowd, landed at the jetty and escorted Mamie to a rickshaw.

During the drive to the hotel along the sea-front Silas Beck sat behind his perspiring rickshaw coolie and pondered over many things. But the fever of gambling having reasserted itself within his soul, he soon reverted to the one topic. In fact, he had not been ten minutes in his hotel before he had started to arrange with the Cingalee clerk at the bureau for a motor and chauffeur. To his surprise, the clerk spoke excellent English. The pearl fisheries, he said, were at that moment in full swing. The car would be at the door within two hours.

The languorous roll of the surf on the illimitable sandy beach, the soothings of the wind amongst the palm-leaves, and the soft, warm air were very soothing. Mamie, garbed in diaphanous white from Paris, stretched her supple limbs in a long cane chair after breakfast, smoked a cigarette, and languidly viewed the attentions of Mr. Seymour through her long lashes. She was in no hurry to move.

There were, however, some things in which Silas was inexorable. An opportunity of pitting his Western methods against those of local inexperience was too tempting for refusal. Even Mamie had to give way to the prospects of a deal.

Two hours after arrival, therefore, Mr. Beck had paid his bill, lighted a fresh cigar, and, promising Seymour to see him on his return, hustled his daughter into the car.

Upon a palm-fringed beach the rollers of the Indian Ocean beat with steady persistency. A fleet of native boats drawn up on the sand, surrounded by a motley crowd of followers, rows upon rows of hastily constructed shelters, and a stench of putrefying oysters completed the picture.

As the American's motor reached the beach the daily auction had just finished. The journey northwards had been interesting, and the scenery gorgeously beautiful, but it had been long and wearisome,

[Continued overleaf.]

DEAD LETTERS!

FOR SALE.



THE PROUD PARENT: You cannot have my daughter: the social gulf between you is too wide. Remember, you're a mere germ of a common cold; she's a bacillus of neurasthenia!

DRAWN BY C. HARRISON.

FOR SALE.



THE CUSTOMER: But I particularly wish to see the young man who served me in this department last week.
THE SHOP-WALKER: I'm sorry, Madam; but he's—er—dead just at present.

DRAWN BY HOPE READ.

nevertheless. Mamie, sniffing the malodorous atmosphere, felt decidedly overheated and cross.

The concourse of people seemed to have been gathered from all races and classes. Cingalee and Tamil, Persian and Arab pushed one another for places. To Silas there were but two varieties — white and black.

With his hands in the pockets of his white duck trousers, Silas F. Beck sauntered patronisingly through the throng. Cingalee dealers, having captured their share of oysters at the sale, were carrying off their hordes, to lay them out in the sun until they should rot and the shells open.

Presently the sound of voices in English on his left attracted the American's attention. Mamie, beneath a lacey parasol, had already stopped to listen. A little fat native, with his hair dressed in a top-knot, was seated cross-legged on the sand beside a heap of oysters. A tall, lanky Tamil, wearing an enormous turban, and naked to the waist, was evidently bargaining with the fortunate possessor of the shells. That the English tongue had been chosen for his benefit did not occur to Silas until later.

"Come, master," cried the little man, catching Silas's eye, "buy some oysters of me? They are good—very good. I will sell cheap. There will be, perhaps, plenty large pearls for the lady."

"Very good shells, master!" intervened the Tamil. "I am very poor man. I can buy two rupees' worth only." He turned towards the vendor greedily. "How many for two rupees, thou rich man?"

"Three dozen," replied the Cingalee wearily. "You can pick."

"Ah, thou mean one! Give me four?" cried the Tamil.

The little man, spreading the palms of his hands to heaven, shrugged his shoulders.

"I also am a poor man. Three only can I give."

"Ah!" ejaculated the buyer. "But, see, I will choose my own. Do I not know that my luck will be good?" Turning to Mamie, he grinned exultingly. "You see, lady, I know the pearl oysters by sight. Watch me choose, master!"

Silas grunted, but awaited the choice, nevertheless.

The Tamil, throwing down his two rupees, began with great care to examine the heap of shells. Then, one by one, he picked out his oysters.

"How long will the fish take to die, so that you can tell if you have got anything?" asked Mamie, with increasing interest.

"See, lady, I do better than wait," answered the man, turning away.

A few yards from the beach there burned a little fire of charcoal. The Tamil seized his molluscs, ran to the fire, and placed them carefully on the ashes. The Americans, impressed despite themselves, stood silently watching.

A few moments, and a bivalve slowly opened its shells. With a gurgle of satisfaction, the Tamil pounced upon it instantly.

"Pish!" muttered he, turning back the shells and examining them rapidly. "No good!"

Jerking the oyster carelessly over his shoulder, he seized upon a second one. Silas craned his neck forward eagerly.

"Hah!" yelled the Tamil, springing exultingly into the air and holding his hand aloft. "See! See!"

The Cingalee, jumping to his feet, ran across the sand. Silas, in his excitement, almost grabbed at the hand of the Tamil. The latter held out his hand, palm uppermost.

A white, iridescent object, the size of a haricot bean, lay exposed to view.

By an effort, Silas composed his features. "How much is it worth?" asked he quietly.

"One thousand rupees," announced the Tamil unhesitatingly. "It is the very best shape." Guffawing loudly, he turned to the Cingalee. "See what you have sold for two rupees! Hah! hah!"

"What will you take for it?" asked Silas, with well-feigned casualness.

"Eight hundred rupees down, master."

On principle, Silas invariably bargained.

"I'll give you five hundred," said he.

The Tamil laughed gutturally.

"I am a poor man, master," answered he. "But will the master toss, seven or eight?"

The Tamil may have been a savage—or he may not—but he certainly had touched the right note with the American. That the latter was surprised goes for nothing.

"Yes, I'll toss you," cried Silas readily, drawing forth from his waistcoat-pocket his lucky coin. "One toss only! You call!"

The coin spun upwards.

"Queen!" called the Tamil.

There was no "Queen" on the coin, but as the head of George Washington lay downwards in the sand, Silas Beck claimed a win. He was jubilant. He had won a hundred rupees.

A moment later, the trophy lay in Mamie's hand, and Silas was methodically counting out seven hundred rupees in notes of Ceylon currency.

From the fold of his waist-cloth the Tamil had extracted an ancient leather pouch. With joy irradiating his dark eyes, he carefully deposited each note within as it was handed to him. Suddenly he paused, grinned knowingly, and held out two of the notes.

"Bad!" announced he bluntly.

"Bad notes? What do you mean?" exclaimed Silas.

"Forgeries," explained the Tamil calmly. "Look!"

The American did look; comparing the notes with others still in his pocket. Even he could see that there was no doubt of it. Beneath his breath he swore volubly. The hotel clerk from whom he had obtained his money would decidedly receive a bad time on his return.

Replacing the bad notes by good ones, he completed the transaction in silence, and departed towards the row of huts.

What happened to Mr. Beck's speculations on the second day at the fisheries need not here be narrated. It is sufficient to relate that, although he invested many rupees, he signally failed even to get his own back in pearls. On the third day, being utterly unable longer to resist his daughter's grumbling, he ordered out the motor and departed in disgust.

It was late at night when Colombo was reached, and both Silas and his daughter were glad to seek their beds.

The first thing next morning, Silas proceeded to the hotel bureau. The question of the bogus bank-notes had been seething in his brain with maddening persistency. The clerk, bland and obsequious as ever, listened patiently to his heated comments. At that moment, Seymour, looking in every direction for Miss Mamie's graceful figure, caught sight of Mr. Beck. The latter's voice was advertising his grievance far and wide.

"What's wrong, Mr. Beck?" asked Seymour politely.

"I've been swindled, Sir; that's what's wrong," cried Silas, holding out two bank-notes. "Look at these! I changed a cheque here before going north, and was given bogus notes."

"There is some mistake, Sir," intervened the clerk. "I am always on the look-out for forged notes. I have the numbers here, Sir, of the notes I gave you. These two were not given to you by me."

To pacify the angry American was no easy task. He had been hit upon a tender spot. The planter, however, succeeded at last. Piece by piece the tale was unfolded, and as the narrative proceeded the Cingalee clerk's brown visage broke into a gradually broadening smile.

"I am afraid, Mr. Beck," said Seymour gently, "that the Tamil who sold you the pearl succeeded in palming a couple of bogus notes upon you in exchange for your good ones. It isn't a very new trick amongst clever natives."

"What?" gasped Silas. "Impossible!"

"Think, Sir, for a few calm moments, and you will see how easy it was for him to do," argued Seymour.

Silas, mopping his heated forehead, made as if to speak, but no words came. In silence, he turned towards the breakfast-room. Seymour, catching sight of Miss Mamie's graceful figure approaching, followed.

Mr. Silas F. Beck spoke little during the meal. Seymour, however, who had seated himself at the same table, seemed to notice nothing abnormal. Miss Mamie's charming personality afforded him sufficient entertainment. Indeed, so seductively did the girl's eyes sparkle as she described her beautiful pearl—which she had seen taken straight from the oyster—that the young planter had no intention of tearing himself away.

After breakfast Mamie could not rest until she had her pearl set in a pendant. Seymour knew nothing of jewels, but, upon being consulted, prepared to introduce his friends to the chief jeweller in Colombo.

Summoning rickshaws, they were soon *en route*. It was a glorious morning. The drive in the warm breeze from off the open ocean soothed Mr. Beck's nerves wonderfully. In fact, as the pleasing memory of how he had won the toss of his lucky coin recurred to him, he even smiled.

The shop of Don Leodoros, the jeweller, was a curious place. Its proprietor, a fat Cingalee, with a round, placid face and beady eyes, met the Americans' demands with interest.

Amidst a hush of expectation the pearl was produced from Miss Mamie's reticule. For an instant the face of Don Leodoros was inscrutable. Then, slowly came the words, which sounded upon the ears of Silas F. Beck like the throbs of a steam piston—

"It is sham, Sir!"

Mamie's face fell, but a moment later she broke into a merry trill of laughter.

"But, you foolish man, I saw it taken from the oyster myself," cried she.

"That bead never grew in an oyster, lady," asserted the jeweller firmly. "It is a fair imitation—worth about five rupees—a glass bead, coated inside with mother-of-pearl dust. I could break it easily with my fingers."

"Then let me see you do it—right now!" stammered Silas.

The jeweller glanced questioningly at the pale face of his customer. Then he pressed his fat fingers. A tiny shower of glass fell at his feet.

"I am afraid, Sir, that your Tamil friend put that bead in the oyster," murmured Seymour softly. "In fact, the old confidence trick once again."

Mr. Silas F. Beck stood spellbound. His eyes sought the distant horizon blindly. With his daughter present, his powers of expression were of necessity too limited for utterance.

"I want," muttered he at last, "a cocktail—quickly."

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

A COURSE THAT TURFED ITSELF, AND TWO OTHERS: THE THREE LINKS OF ST. JEAN DE LUZ.

By the Pyrenees. Of late I have been golfing at St. Jean de Luz, which is at the south-western base of the Pyrenees, and so close to snow-capped peaks that it seems that a very few good shots with a brassie might put a ball among them; and St. Jean de Luz, I assure you, is a very fine place for golf, with excellence and a great variety. There you take life and the game in a quieter and more leisurely way than you do at Biarritz. It is a quaint, sleepy old town of the Basques, with an abundance of historical and other interests, but little gaiety. People go there to lead the quiet, healthful life, and do not bother themselves about smart luncheons and casinos. When, now and again, the younger ones become a little restive and demand some excitement, an hour's journey in the train, with a change at La Negresse, will get them into Biarritz, and then at night they will go back again to St. Jean de Luz and settle down to the excellent life that they live there in the sunshine and the sparkling air. It almost follows that here we enjoy our golf most thoroughly, and there are some hundreds of us English to do so, and some fine players too. We have three courses to play upon—three! There is the old course of St. Barbe, which is a nine-holes affair, and has one hole—the third—called the "Chasm," which is a very strong piece of golf, for the drive is over a deep fissure in the rocks, with the sea running in below. St. Barbe is, I believe, the second oldest course in France—Pau being the oldest—and there are some fears that it may not be in existence for many years more.

Châlet du Lac. Another of the three is the course of the St. Jean de Luz Club at Châlet du Lac, and this also is one of nine holes. Until last year there were twelve, but then three were captured by the terrible builders, who seem to oppress the

They are not far wrong. Round about the club-house and the first tee a most beautiful picture of the pretty harbour of St. Jean de Luz is presented, with the stern Pyrenees for the background; a few of the holes run alongside the grandly rocky coast, and away out in the distance is a fine panorama of sea and shore, with Biarritz and its lighthouse just to be seen. It is charming. But the golf is very

easy—too easy when you are feeling well and want some stiff golfing work to do. Ladies like it, and the course is covered with them; and gentlemen with very long handicaps like it too, because it makes them think that their handicaps ought to be reduced. But I do not say this in the way of disparagement, for a day at Châlet du Lac could never be otherwise than enjoyable to any player of the game.

A Wonder of France. I have left to the end the greatest

of the three courses, because if I had begun with it, I should have had no space at all to write of the other two. Some time I will try to do justice to the merits of the Nivelle Club and course and the circumstances of its establishment. It is one of the wonders of French golf, and a fine and enduring monument to the enterprise and enthusiasm of Mr. W. R. Sharp, the president and chief supporter, and Count O'Byrne, the hon. secretary. Five years ago there was no course here at all, but merely more than a hundred acres of land on which cabbages and things of that kind were being grown. This land was bought when an effort to extend the St. Barbe course to eighteen holes had failed. It would have cost £40,000 to carry out the latter scheme, but this land alongside the wide river Nivelle was obtained for £6000—the local hotel-keepers guaranteeing the money to begin with, being assured that, without a first-class golf-course, St. Jean de Luz would

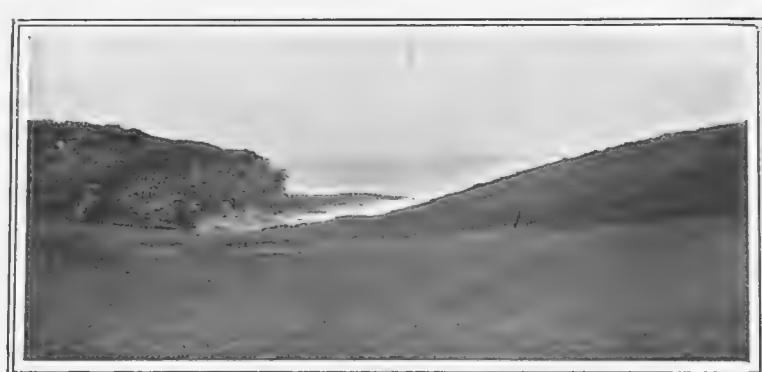


GOLF AT THE SOUTH-WESTERN BASE OF THE PYRENEES: THE NEW CLUB-HOUSE OF THE ST. JEAN DE LUZ COURSE.

The golf club is about half a mile from the town, and ten miles from Biarritz. It overlooks the Bay of Biscay and the Harbour of St. Jean de Luz, while there are fine views also of the Lower Pyrenees and of the mountains and coast-line of Spain.



GOING TO THE FIRST HOLE OF THE ST. JEAN DE LUZ GOLF COURSE:
THE FAIRWAY—AND A FINE VIEW.



WHERE A PULLED BALL, GOING TO THE SECOND HOLE, GOES AMONG THE ROCKS ON THE LEFT: THE FIFTH GREEN.

Mr. Leach deals with the St. Jean de Luz golf course (Châlet du Lac), and the two other courses there, in the article given on this page.

golfers all over the world; but the club received some compensation in having a new and neat little club-house erected for them at the landlord's expense, and Mr. Frank Jacobs, the hon. secretary, explained to me that the creation of this edifice stood for a veritable feat in French building, for not a stone had been laid in July of last year, yet by the middle of October the members were sitting in their chairs inside and delighting in their new conveniences. Now the golfers here make the claim that "the scenery surrounding the course is probably the finest to be obtained from any course in Europe," and it was, perhaps, my business to investigate their pretensions.

die. The cabbage-grounds were raked and the town roller was used to flatten them down. Then, note this—no seeds were sown. The local farmers said that if the land were left to itself, a nice coat of fine grass would come up on it. And it did! Then the putting-greens were made, bunkers were put in, and at the present moment, only four years after it was first made, this course has strong claims to be considered the very best in France. It is most wonderfully good. The self-made turf, as you might call it, is excellent, and the holes have a character that is seldom found on Continental courses. There is a great future for this place.—HENRY LEACH.



GAIETY FAVOURITES, LADY MACBETH, AND MUSICAL COMEDY IN BRIEF.

THE Coliseum is not content with presenting Mr. J. M. Barrie to its patrons, but has gone a step further. While Miss Irene Vanbrugh still continues to give her charming rendering of "Rosalind," her sister, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, is now appearing in the sleep-walking scene from "Macbeth." The management appears to be under the apprehension that a certain section, at any rate, of the audience is unacquainted with the details of Shakespeare's masterpiece, and thoughtfully inserts in the programme a leaflet giving a concise, even bald, *résumé* of the tragedy. Whether this precaution was necessary or not—and one sincerely hopes it was not—the house listens in rapt silence and unfailing attention to this Shakespearean interlude. Miss Violet Vanbrugh brings with her the well-remembered scene which was designed for His Majesty's Theatre when she played the part to Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree's Macbeth, a scene which was as novel in its conception as it was effective, and the stage picture is enough of itself to seize hold upon the imagination. Miss Vanbrugh's performance is still fresh in the memory, and her descent by the long staircase will be found to be just as impressive as it was before. In fact, we have, I imagine, no other actress to-day who could better realise the scene, and the Coliseumites show very clearly that they fully appreciate the opportunity of seeing her fine work. It seems somewhat strange to find this excerpt from Shakespeare immediately following a ventriloquial entertainment, but no doubt can remain in the mind that the experiment, bold as it is, is completely successful. Miss Vanbrugh receives valuable assistance from Miss Nora Lancaster as the Gentlewoman, and Mr. W. F. Grant as the Doctor, and the reception accorded to the production makes it appear likely that we shall probably see more of the Bard on the Halls in the immediate future.



THE "SYNCPATING SONGSTRESS" IN "KILL THAT FLY," AT THE ALHAMBRA: MISS RENA PARKER.

For those who are a little doubtful as to what a "syncopating songstress" may be, we give a dictionary explanation of the word "syncopation": "The contraction of a word by taking a letter or letters from the middle; an interruption of the regular measure in music; a prolonging of a note, begun on the unaccented part of a bar, to the accented part of the next bar."—[Photograph by White.]

when Mr. George Grossmith and Mr. Edmund Payne come on from the Gaiety to the Palace, one of the chief planks in their platform is a song which has long reached to a ripe old age. True that new words have been written to the tune of "The Two Obadiah," and that up-to-date wheezes have been introduced, but these do not obscure the fact that the old song, as a song, remains very much where and what it was. The visitors from the Gaiety are well advised in reviving the ditty, for they would find it no easy matter to secure a tune so completely humorous and catchy as that which used to delight the ears of the Early-Victorians. However, the two favourites have plenty of other mirth-making material to rely upon, and, to show that they do not entirely depend upon ancient history, are not above introducing a dash of rag-time into their turn. Mr. Edmund Payne gives some very funny burlesque imitations of various types of dancing, and Mr. Grossmith scores with a song on the ubiquity of music at meal-times; while the former as the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the latter as Mr. Arthur Balfour execute a dance which brings down the house. Miss Mabel Sealby supports them with much merriness and brightness. Their arrival has had the effect of filling the Palace, which obviously has a much greater liking for visitors from the Gaiety than it has for those from the St. James's. The Palace has a particularly firm and definite manner of indicating the direction in which its tastes lie, and in the present instance there can be no doubt that it is being catered for in a style of which it thoroughly approves.



TO COME FROM THE U.S.A. TO THE PALACE, MISS ELSIE JAMES.

During his recent visit to the United States, Mr. Butt persuaded Miss Elsie James, one of the most popular musical-comedy actresses on the other side, to sign a contract to appear at the Palace later on. Miss James is at her best in character-studies.

Photograph by the Garraway Co.

"George" and "Teddy," One begins to think that the Victorian Era, of which we are apt to speak in terms of disarray, knew considerably more about the art of entertainment than it is usually given credit for. There are two happenings at the Palace just now which go to confirm me in this belief. In the first place there is Frank Tinney. Leaving aside his own intensely comic personality, his method is essentially Victorian. His black face, big boots, and absurd uniform are all relics of the past and date back to the old days of the Christy Minstrels; and although his patter is entirely his own, there is really not very much to differentiate it from the sort of nonsense which used to be talked when Moore and Burgess held sway. And now

defatigable in his efforts to amuse. His chief supporter is Miss Kathleen Courtney, who sings well, and whose quietness of style makes an agreeable foil to his more animated methods. The "book" contains nothing that is strikingly witty, but it serves its purpose, as does the music, which, without being anything out of the ordinary, is bright and tuneful throughout.

ROVER.



THE WHEEL AND THE WING

TWOPENCE ON TO PETROL—WESTMINSTER TRAFFIC—THE TALBOT ENGINE—A NEW GARAGE—SQUEAK-PREVENTION.

The Petrol Peril. Although not altogether unexpected by those concerned in the industry, the rise of twopence per gallon in the price of petrol last week caused much irritation and dismay amongst motor-car owners. Although the British Petroleum

the diminutiveness of the engine responsible for the job. The dimensions of the cylinders were: bore, 101.5 mm., equal to 4 in., and stroke 140 mm., equal to 5½ in.—about the dimensions of a jam-jar. In the *Autocar* of the 22nd ult. there is given the power-curve of this engine, which is not a curve at all, but a dead straight line from zero to 3000 revolutions per minute, at which 120-h.p. was given off. But, as if that would not suffice, the curve goes on, now slightly curving, until at 3750 revolutions per minute about 133-h.p. is indicated. At 500 revolutions per minute, 20-h.p. is given off; at 3000, 120-h.p.—six times the horse-power at six times the speed.

Car Maintenance. Where a car is in daily use by people of ample means its maintenance is a matter of considerable moment, and there are occasions when attention has to be given which requires more than the conveniences of the private garage or the professional driver. Moreover, it is a comforting thing for the daily car-user to feel assured that his car will not be allowed to fail him at any time, and this is assured by a scheme of maintenance inaugurated by The London and Parisian Motor Company at their new and profusely appointed garage in Newcastle Place, Edgware Road. Here motor-car owners can enjoy expert service at a moderate fee all the year round—the car being maintained, thoroughly cleaned immediately upon its return for the night (a very important point if the paint-work is to retain its freshness), and carefully inspected before it leaves in the morning. The maintenance fee covers everything, including the whole garage service for the chauffeur.

To Stop Spring-Squeaks. No matter how complete the attention paid by the motorist, be he owner, driver, or chauffeur, to the screw-down lubricators which serve lubricant to the spring-shackles, spring-squeak often results after a time from the drying-up of the lubricant with which the leaves are, or should be, put together.

The jacking-up of the frame of the car to take the weight off the springs and so allow the plates to separate, is an inconvenient job, and car-owners who like their cars noiseless will welcome a little tool which entirely obviates the jacking-up process, and which has lately been introduced by Messrs. G. T. Riches and Co. This handy instrument takes the form of a small vice or clamp, the jaws of which are formed with V-shaped lips that can be forced between the edges of the leaves of the springs by means of a tommy-bar. Then the nozzle of the oil-can can be introduced and the necessary oil injected, to the annihilation of all further squeaking.

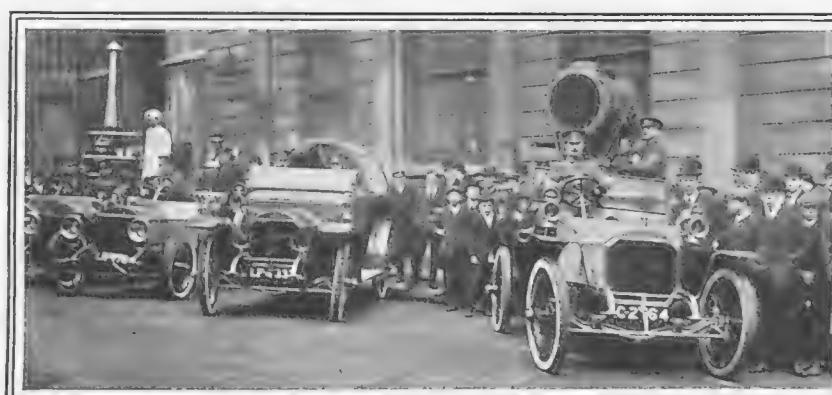


WITH COOKING-RANGE AND COOK ABOARD—IN PLACE OF THE AEROPLANE IT IS DESIGNED TO CARRY: A NAPIER TRANSPORT WAGON.

Company claim that the additional twopence will not affect more than twenty per cent. of the users of petrol apart from the owners of commercial vehicles, it is just that effect upon that percentage which will militate against the private-car industry. This is a set-back to the trade for the reason that intending buyers cannot be certain when the rise in spirit is likely to stop, if it ever stops; and those who contemplate buying motor vehicles for pleasure purposes particularly will begin to ask themselves, not what it costs them now to run their vehicles, but what it may cost in the future. This rise in price, whether warranted by the demand or prompted by the greed of the Trusts, now more than ever emphasises the lack of consideration and foresight on the part of those of our supposed Parliamentary representatives who supinely succumbed to the imposition of a tax of three-pence per gallon on petrol.

One-Way Traffic. The Mayor of Westminster (why not Lord Mayor, like his brothers of Manchester, Liverpool, etc.?), Mr. H. Lyon Thompson, is a particularly progressive individual and a keen motorist. His Worship has devised a scheme of traffic for narrow thoroughfares by which it is sought to avoid a double stream of vehicles, and consequent congestion. At the request of the Mayor, the secretary of the Royal Automobile Club writes to the Press to ask for the support of the public. Three notices have already been erected—one at the South Audley Street end of Deanery Street, one at the Piccadilly end of Arlington Street by the Ritz Hotel, and the third at the St. James's Street end of Jermyn Street. The notice consists of a board, with a hand above it, requesting drivers not to enter the above-mentioned streets from that end unless actually calling in the street. Therefore, when a driver of a vehicle sees a white hand at the corner of a street he must realise that, in his own interest and in the best interests of the public, he must not enter that street from that end. This attempt to create lines of "one-way" traffic is greatly to be commended.

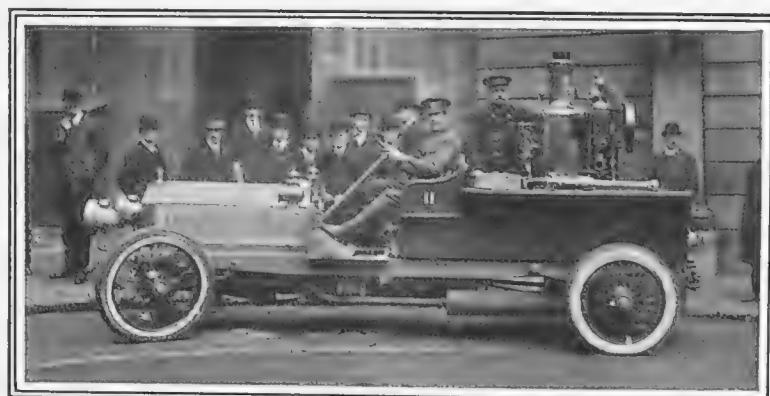
The Marvels of the Talbot. The world has not yet quite ceased to marvel at the wonderful performance of the 25.6-h.p. Talbot car at Brooklands on Feb. 15 last. What must give everyone furiously to think in connection with this great feat is



ITEMS OF THE FLEET OF NAPIER MILITARY MOTOR-CARS WHICH VISITED THE MONTENEGRIN LEGATION THE OTHER DAY: A CAR FOR THE TRANSPORT OF AN AEROPLANE (WITH FIELD COOKING-RANGE ABOARD); AN AMBULANCE CAR; AND A SEARCHLIGHT CAR.

A fleet of Napier military motor-cars, including those fitted for the transport of aeroplanes, to carry guns and searchlights, one carrying a cooking-range, an ambulance car, and a motor fire-engine for military use, visited the Montenegrin Legation the other day, and aroused much interest. Such a demonstration as this goes to prove once more how important a part motor-traction must play in any future war, a fact already partially demonstrated by recent wars.—[Photographs by Topical.]

bar. Then the nozzle of the oil-can can be introduced and the necessary oil injected, to the annihilation of all further squeaking.



FOR USE OF SOLDIERS BOTH IN TIME OF WAR AND IN PEACE: A NAPIER MOTOR FIRE-ENGINE.

HYMEN'S RETINUE: ORIGINALITY IN WEDDING CEREMONIES.

THERE is one respect in which fact eclipses fiction. Nothing half so jolly or pretty was ever described in novel or play as some of the weddings that actually take place. The wedding procession from the church at Ascot last week after the marriage of Lady Edwina Roberts to Major Henry Lewin, with the gallant brown horses of the bridegroom's regiment and the dashing officer and subalterns as outrider and postilions, was quite beyond the books and boards. It was as novel as it was effective, and novelty in weddings nowadays is not easily achieved.



THE CENTRAL FIGURES OF THE GREAT MILITARY WEDDING: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM—MAJOR AND LADY EDWINA LEWIN.

Lady Edwina Lewin is the younger of the two daughters of Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, V.C. and Countess Roberts. Major Henry Lewin is the son of Commander Lewin, R.N., and Mrs. Lewin.

Photograph by C.N.

along the Thames to the church at Maidenhead, in craft bedecked with floral garlands. One happy couple of Austria, finding the road barred to vehicular traffic by snow, rigged up their toboggans with pine-branches and flowers, and gaily slid to their wedding. By what prosaic feats of strength they accomplished the climb back to their mountain home the recorder omitted to mention.

American Freak Weddings. Of course, for novel wedding effects we must glance at the cables that come over to the papers from America. There they have receptions—and weddings, too—on the tops of mountains, down in diving-bells, in lions' cages and at the bottom of swimming-baths (with artificial respiratory provision, let us, in mercy, hope); in stables (for luck, they say), in hotels and boarding-houses, on ships and in forests, in workshops and steel-mills. In fact, wherever you do not look for an American wedding, one is sure to happen. And it is even said that at least one American millionaire's daughter is seriously contemplating a quiet wedding at the church in which her parents worship. But American cables are at times very unreliable.

Off with Her Head!

bride and bridegroom. This is especially the case where royalty is to be present. The mother of the bride must be at the church door to receive the King should he

By Boat, Horse, car has or Toboggan.

r a t h e r spoilt the picturesqueness of the latter-day wedding, a fact which was impressed upon the mind by the gay appearance of the wedding of Lady Edwina. But there are those who, like this happy pair, manage at times to elude the all-conquering car. The Marquess of Bute carried off his bride from her native Ireland in a yacht, to which they were rowed by retainers in costumes ancient as the lineage of their lord. And this spectacle was equalled, in another direction when Sir Lowthian Bell's niece became Mrs. Astell Kaye. Bride and bridegroom, in eighteenth-century attire, mounted white horses at the church-door at Ingleby, Arncliffe, Yorkshire, and, accompanied to the end of the village by best man and bridesmaids, were then left to themselves, when it was hay for the hard, high road and bonnie Lakeland! Then we have had boating weddings, in which the entire company have darted swiftly

attend; must be in the vestry, of course, with him when he goes to sign the register; and, leaving the church after he has departed, must be at home, or wherever is the place appointed, to welcome him upon his arrival at the reception. Now, it happened at "the" wedding of a recent year that the mother of the bride found her carriage shut in by the traffic, with the result that the King arrived first at the reception. Nothing on earth, pending her actual forgiveness by the King, would convince her that her head could be permitted to remain upon her shoulders.

Adventurous Honeymoons. Lady Edwina and her husband are touring in Algeria

for their wedding trip. It cannot be said that Major Powell and his plucky bride actually began this sort of tour, but when they passed into the gloom of the African Congo for their honeymoon they certainly gave the practice a fillip. Count de Lesdain, of the French diplomatic service in China, and his bride accomplished a terrific feat on their honeymoon. It was really serious travel and exploration, through the heart of unknown Central Asia, digging up buried cities of a forgotten age, exploring lakes uncharted, and rivers at their previously unknown sources, and nearly perishing in the snows 20,000 feet up. Explorers, when they heard of it, voted the Countess a real brick. Another remarkable honeymoon was that of Mr. and Mrs. Max Fleischmann, of Cincinnati, of whom a little while ago we heard a good deal in town. They set out in a ship, specially chartered, for the Farthest North, with a trained Arctic crew. Baffled by the mountainous ice about Greenland, they did actually effect a landing in Spitzbergen at a very bad time, and dressed, bride and bridegroom, in sheepskins, had a real hunt for bears and seals, and, in another island, for the famous blue Arctic fox. And then they came to "Yurup," and faithfully told us to the last dollar how much it had cost. People used to be more shy at such times, and Lady Randolph Churchill remembers meeting Tsar Alexander II. a few weeks after her wedding and hearing him say, with a look of censure, "And you here already!"



WEARING THE BADGE OF THE ROYAL FLYING CORPS: LIEUTENANT PLAYFAIR, R.F.C., ONE OF THE POSTILIONS AT THE WEDDING OF LORD ROBERTS' YOUNGER DAUGHTER.

Lieutenant Playfair is seen wearing on his left breast the new badge of the Royal Flying Corps, to which he belongs. The designation 'Royal' was recently granted to the corps by the King.—[Photograph by C.N.]



WITH A CAPTAIN AS OUTRIDER AND SUBALTERN AS POSTILIONS: THE CARRIAGE OF MAJOR AND LADY EDWINA LEWIN ON THE WAY TO ENGLEMERE AFTER THEIR WEDDING.

Very picturesque was the military wedding of Major Henry Lewin and Lady Edwina Roberts, which took place at All Saints' Church, Ascot, on February 26. The bridegroom's regiment, the 47th Brigade of the Royal Field Artillery, provided a guard of honour of sergeants and staff-sergeants. On leaving the church the bride and bridegroom passed under the crossed poles of a company of Boy Scouts, and drove to Englemere, Lord Roberts' seat, in a carriage drawn by six brown horses and driven by officers of Major Lewin's battery. The captain rode in front as outrider, and three subalterns acted as postilions. On the box-seat were two non-commissioned officers. There were some 500 guests at the reception. The bride and bridegroom afterwards left for Biskra, in Algeria, for their honeymoon.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]



BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Why "Missis" or "Miss"? The men of the labouring classes have a curious and amusing habit of addressing well-dressed women as "lady." Yet, though they sometimes describe their own womenfolk as "ladies" (charwomen, for instance, are usually referred to as such), they would never dream of addressing them by this title. There are nice distinctions in the minds of even the humblest. And now that all laws, human, divine, and social, seem to be in the melting-pot, it is no wonder that there is an outcry against the unbeautiful word "Missis" as a title for a matron, as well as the snippety "Miss" for a spinster or actress. Indeed, "Miss," when it was first employed, was a term of opprobrium, much as the word "woman" had become in Victorian times. Compared with the beautiful words used for a matron in Latin countries—"Signora," "Señora," and "Madame"—we Teutons are in a bad case. For "Frau" is even worse than "Missis," and "Fru" does not suggest the allurements and refinements which we have come to associate with the feminine sex. In England and America, for instance, we might adopt the word "Lady," and let persons of title be known as Viscountess, Baroness, and Marchioness. The Baronet's wife and that of the Knight might be provided for in some other way. At present, exalted personages, such as the wives of Marquesses, are not altogether pleased that they should have no higher title than that borne by a newly knighted grocer's wife, so that the word "lady" would easily be given up by those of high rank, and might become the usual mode of address for women of the upper classes.

Military Undergraduates. I do not fancy that Cambridge—which is somewhat given over, as far as the undergraduates are concerned, to Socialist and Fabian notions—was just the University in which to start a patriotic military movement. Young Cambridge, as I know it, is occupied—outside athletics—with music, philosophy, and philandering with Socialistic movements. I do not see these youthful dilettanti and social reformers

drilling assiduously and learning to hit the bull's-eye at the rifle-range. Oxford, one would think, would be a much more likely centre of learning in which to start a system of voluntary military training. The older University is more conservative, and has, in addition, all the traditions of military doings during the Civil War behind it. Moreover, now that Cambridge has taken the lead in this important matter of military training, can Oxford, with any self-respect, meekly follow suit? To start the movement brilliantly and effectively, every university in England, Scotland, and Wales should fall into line; but, so far, is it within human experience that Oxford should copy Cambridge, or that Edinburgh should heartily acquiesce in anything which Oxford thought fit to inaugurate? Meantime, a beginning may be made in Cambridgeshire, and we shall soon have

the wholesome spectacle of young men of the upper classes giving up some of their play-time and their leisure to the business of soldiering. As things are going, we cannot safely allow our English youth to go on fiddling while Europe is burning.

To Be or
Not To Be.

The fate of Stafford House seems to be undecided. Yet whatever becomes of it, let us hope that it will not be turned into an arid museum with glass cases. It is unthinkable that the great staircase on which Beauty and Fashion trod, and rooms which scintillated with celebrities, should echo only provincials and the patter of

with the boots of gaping Americans "doing" their London conscientiously. Stafford House is full of social memories; it breathes of great doings, of Kings and Queens, of poets, soldiers, and heroes. It might serve for a Prince and Princess of the Blood Royal, or even the family of a great merchant; but the palace and its adorable gardens, in which you can drink tea in summertime and fancy yourself a hundred miles from town, are surely made for men and women to live in. For, though vast, it does not possess the detached and aloof air of a royal residence or of a public museum. You can sit down and talk in its drawing-rooms, listen to music in the famous hall, and never feel you are in anything but a very spacious private house. Then to turn a great and famous palace into a public museum is at once to do away with its dignity and charm, for unless it is on the scale of Versailles it must deteriorate in the promiscuity of foolish stares and of indifferent humanity.

The Cosy Inn. All motorists complain, in England, of the country inn which is encountered off the beaten track. Especially when they arrive unawares is the food apt to be of inferior quality and badly cooked. Yet many people would put up with bacon and eggs if the beds were really comfortable, and if there were not a fusty atmosphere, as of long-closed

rooms, about these little taverns. The ordinary English landlady cannot toss you up an omelette or make a savoury stew like the French bourgeoisie from Dieppe to Marseilles. With our good lady, it must be a rump-steak or nothing, and too often it is an ancient, much-sliced ham which is offered you in guise of a meal. Yet English country inns are cosy and picturesque enough, with their beams and bow-windows, their red curtains and shining pewter. They are much more pleasing to the outward eye than the small hotels of France, to which motorists return year after year, sure of getting enticing food and mattresses on which they can rest at ease. If we could import some hundreds of French girls and their saucepans and strew them about our English shires, we might make a paradise from which motorists could never keep away.



THE BERNIER CRI: MILLINERY AND SOME VISITING-GOWNS.

From left to right, No. 1 is a black charmeuse gown, with bolero jacket cut up at the side and turned over with a white satin collar; black buttons down the front. No. 2 is a costume of soft red cloth, with cross-over strappings and small collar of black embroidered satin. No. 3 is a charmeuse gown in lemon colour; the little coat opening in front shows a lace vest and broad belt of black silk. No. 4 is a gown of lead-coloured satin, trimmed with tinted lace; the bodice has a slightly blouse effect, with a small white collar.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on March 12.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING SHARES.

WHEN we referred to this group of securities at the end of last July it was possible to secure a return of between 5½ and 6 per cent. on most of the Ordinary shares. This was the case, in fact, with all three of the Companies to which we refer below, and those of our readers who then purchased them have every reason to congratulate themselves. Considerably more interest has been taken in this group lately; quotations have advanced, and the reports show that the Companies have done well in spite of the strikes of transport-workers and coal-miners.

The St. James's and Pall Mall showed an increase of £2300 in gross receipts, and the dividend is maintained at 10 per cent. In July the shares offered a yield of nearly 6 per cent., but the quotation has now advanced to 9-9½, at which price the yield is just 5½ per cent. They now seem fairly valued, but are certainly an attractive investment, as there is little doubt that they will ultimately receive higher dividends.

The Westminster Company also did well, and shows a satisfactory increase in both sales and net profits—the latter improved from £68,500 to £71,900, and the dividend is again 10 per cent. In July the shares stood at 8½, and yielded £5. 17s. 6d. per cent., while to-day a buyer would have to pay 9½, making the yield 5 3-8. The Company has a share-capital of £1,067,660, and £250,000 Debentures. This year makes the sixth successive distribution of 10 per cent., and, while there is no immediate prospect of an increase in the dividend, the present rate should be easily maintained; and the shares even now are an attractive purchase.

In the case of the Kensington and Knightsbridge Company, results are disappointing, in so much as rather less current was sold than during 1911; but the net profits remain practically the same. This is, of course, a much smaller concern than the Westminster Company, the capital being only £295,000, whilst reserves amount to half of this sum. The Ordinary shares have advanced with the rest of the market, but can still be purchased at 8, and thus offer a return of 5 5-8 per cent. We look upon them as a sound Industrial investment.

LIBERTY AND COMPANY.

The Report of Liberty and Co., which appeared last week, is a very satisfactory document, net profits, at £65,000, showing an increase of £5400 over last year.

This profit is arrived at after allowing for all administration expenses, repairs, depreciation, etc. The directors propose to distribute the same dividend as a year ago—namely, 16 per cent.—and a bonus of 4 per cent., free of tax, and to use the additional sum available to strengthen further the financial position. £16,000 against £10,000 a year ago now goes to the reserve account, and brings the total invested reserve fund up to £140,000; while the rest account is brought up to £211,400 by the addition of £16,200.

There are few, if any, commercial companies in a stronger financial position than Liberty's. The capital is £200,000, and of this somewhere about £175,000 is represented by cash and investments. The Ordinary shares are not available, and the Preference difficult to obtain, as they are all in strong hands; but they are a very sound investment.

BORAX CONSOLIDATED.

If it had not been for the disturbed labour conditions in England there is little doubt that this concern would have shown improved results for 1912. As it is, the figures in the Report to Sept. 30 last show a very trifling decline in net profits—amounting to only 1 per cent., in fact.

The dividend remains the same as for the previous year—namely, 13½ per cent.; £20,000 is again allowed for depreciation, while the investment reserves receive £3000, against £1800 a year ago.

It will be remembered that there was a rearrangement of the Debenture capital during the period under review, the 5 per cent. Second Mortgage Debentures being converted into an increased amount of 4½ per cent. Second Debentures. This arrangement will undoubtedly benefit the shareholders; and it is very satisfactory to see that the directors have decided to write off the entire cost of this transaction, which, including the bonus, amounted to £33,760, out of revenue. This reduces the carry-forward to £43,300.

Unfortunately, costs in both Asia Minor and South America are likely to remain rather high, but sales are expanding, and we think results for the current year are likely to show an improvement, if only a small one, over those just announced. The Ordinary shares, at 2 3-16, yield a little over 6 per cent., and might well be purchased to mix with other Industrial securities.

GUAYAQUIL AND QUITO BONDS.

Guayaquil and Quito Bonds have been in more request during the last few days on rumours that fresh negotiations for the settlement of arrears are in progress. The position, as far as we can ascertain it, is as follows:—The Government of Ecuador recently offered to

pay the arrears in 4 per cent. Bonds, redeemable by annual drawings, on such a scale as to pay them all off in eight or nine years. In all probability, these terms would have satisfied bond-holders on this side, but the American interests would not agree.

A counter-proposal has now been put forward by the latter, who are willing to accept short-dated Treasury bills carrying interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum.

Of course, it is very possible that Ecuador will not feel inclined to fall in with this arrangement, but if the final terms lie anywhere between the two proposals, bond-holders will have nothing to complain of.

Remittances have been coming forward regularly now for twelve months—a coupon was paid in January, and we have little doubt that another will be met in July.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick"—and there have been so many disappointments in this connection that we do not care to express more than hopes. At the present price of 63, however, very little allowance seems to be made for the possibilities.

OVERHEARD AT LUNCH-TIME.

"James, how are the soles?"

I thought I recognised the voice, and when I got to the top of the stairs, sure enough there was the still-more-senior partner, and with him our other friends.

"Talking of fish," he was saying to the senior partner, "Shells keep very firm."

"They're a fine holding," replied the latter. "I wonder what dividend is represented by a penny rise in petrol?"

The clerk timidly suggested that it was a bit rough on consumers and taxi-drivers, but the others wouldn't hear of it.

"They're all right with contracts far ahead; besides, you can't interfere with the law of supply and demand."

"Invest in oils and share the spoils," rhymed Harry. "I had a tip for Begels the other day."

"Never heard of 'em; what are they—anything to do with hunting?"

"Nigerian tin, but I don't know much about them. I've a fancy for Berridas, too, at 15s.; they'll be producing nine tons a month from their new property before long."

"I must look them up in my book," said the still-more-senior partner, as though that would settle the question.

A tall young man with a twinkle in his eye came in at this moment and was greeted with shouts of "Gertie."

"Hullo," he said to the last speaker, "when are we going to drink that punch at Birch's?"

"Where's that, my boy?" innocently demanded the senior partner, while the one directly addressed pretended not to have heard the question. He ordered another bottle of—barley-water, to show there was no ill-feeling, and then said—

"How's rubber?"

"Very elastic," replied Gertie; "but the market's pretty rotten. Until the financial trouble is over in America, it's bound to be weak."

"Have you noticed the Great Central receipts?" asked the clerk. "£59,600 increase in eight weeks is pretty good, and don't forget that very soon traffics will compare with the period when £300,000 was lost owing to the strikes."

"Suppose we have another strike?"

"I don't think it very likely," said the clerk. "Whatever may be the rights of the Midland case, you'll find that the guard was not disobedient in the Board-of-Trade sense—"

"What ought I to do with Mexicans?" asked the senior partner.

"Sell them and get in cheaper in a month or two," advised Harry. "This revolution isn't nearly over yet."

James, the waiter, interrupted at this point, because they were smoking before 2 o'clock, so they bade him go to Mexico, and left in a body.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The figures given at the public inquiry into the affairs of the Essequibo Rubber Estates are really amazing.

A certain Ho-a-hing acquired four licenses to collect rubber and balata for 80 dols., and a royalty on every pound collected.

He sold them to Industrial Selections, Ltd. for £50,000, out of which he paid a commission of £30,000 to Mr. Chansay (who was largely interested in the purchasing Company), and £15,000 to other persons, thus reducing the net price to £5000. The public Company then paid Industrial Selections, Ltd. £60,000 for the licenses. It was further stated at the examination that the receiver has now been offered £150 for these licenses!

The Anglo-Russian Trust seem to be "making good" under Mr. Birch Crisp's able control. At the third annual meeting of this Company on Feb. 18, it was stated that the net profits for the year amounted to £73,339, as compared with £51,629 for the previous year. A much larger business was carried through, and investments now stand in the books at £1,482,712, an increase of about £210,000. In regard to the current year, the chairman said that the revenue is satisfactory.

The nature of the business carried on necessarily makes the shares somewhat speculative, but as long as Mr. Crisp is at the head

[Continued on page 294]


 THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Queries.

When a young lady gives a fancy-dress dance in her father and mother's house, who is hostess? If the young lady elects to be dressed as a very smart and fascinating young man of the Marie Thérèse period, does she invite her girl guests to dance with her, or do the young men, in the old-world way, invite the daughter of the house—who looks like a son—to dance with them? When ladies go to a dance as Sappho, what does the dress consist of in addition to a cocked hat? So many strange things happen nowadays that life is one long note of interrogation. Why are ladies allowed to go to subscription fancy-dress balls dressed as men, when they would be arrested and fined were they found so attired in the street? Is it a means of justification for giving the vote to women? If they look exactly like men, the Government can perhaps consider them as such and give in at once, as most of them evidently desire to do. When they dress like men and vote like men, will they take the kicks like men and not continue to bleat for the halfpence?

Smart for the Spring..

When the sun shines, feminine fancy turns to what is bright and smart. An overcoat an illustration of which appears on this page is just what is wanted now. It is warm and light, bright and smart, and is made by Kenneth Durward, Ulster House, Conduit Street, which is a guarantee of its style and cut. The colour is a pale grey-blue; the material, twill homespun. The seams are strapped, the pockets put in sideways, and the coat fastened across with two smoke-pearl buttons. The collar is of white cloth, and the cuffs are turned back with smoke-pearl buttons and a wide edging of white cloth. It is an ideal slip-on overcoat for a bright spring day when it is sunny, yet the wind is chilly.

Master or Mistress? We seldom use the term "chairwoman"; it so closely resembles a harmless necessary domestic drudge. The term "authoress," too, has apparently been dropped; "patron" is made to describe both men and ladies. So far we have not fallen into line with America in describing sportsmen and women alike as "sports"; but we continue with great conservatism to call a lady who hunts a pack of hounds, the Master. Apparently we are to have a very charming and very pretty one in the person of Lady Rosemary Portal, who is said to be the new head of the Vine Hunt, and will enter on her duties next season. It will be no new thing for a lady to occupy this position. Mrs. Cheape, known as "the Squire,"

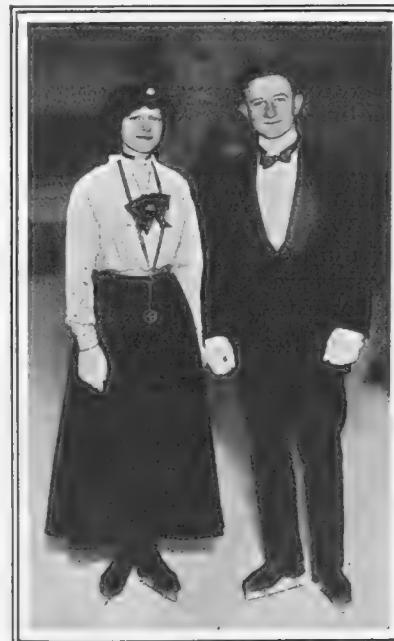
whose sons are noted polo-players, hunted a pack; Lady Gifford hunts a pack of harriers; Mrs. Hughes was a well-known master of foxhounds in Wales; and Miss Somerville in Ireland. This season, Evelyn, Countess of Craven, is not in the list, as she was last. There are several ladies who have acted as master in the absence of their husbands; of these I may mention Lady Greenall, the Duchess of Westminster, and the Marchioness of Exeter. Lady Rosemary Portal is the only child of the second Earl Cairns, and is the wife of Sir Wyndham Portal.

A Kaiserly Gift. One of the Kaiser's wedding-gifts to his idolised daughter is what his Majesty describes as one with a motive. It is a fine house in Berlin, fully furnished, equipped to the smallest detail, and thoroughly up-to-date in every arrangement. It is to be the house beautiful and the home comfortable, and the motive is to keep the Princess near for a part of every year. The young people have fallen in love with each other quite satisfactorily. The Prince, who is very virile, is delighted with all the dainty tastes of his fiancée, who is a beautiful embroiderer and needleworker. Her sportswomanlike attributes—she rides beautifully, and is a splendid whip—also attract him greatly. She is indeed a girl whom it would be very difficult for a young man not to fall in love with, and Prince Ernest considers that his lines have fallen in very pleasant places. Both these royal young people speak English—the Prince less easily than the Princess—and they have decided to spend part of their honeymoon in England. Queen Alexandra has invited her nephew and her new niece to Sandringham. The wedding will be a great affair, for which there will be a wonderful royal assemblage in Berlin.



THE IDEAL GARMENT FOR A BRIGHT SPRING DAY: A SLIP-ON OVERCOAT IN GREY-BLUE TWILL HOMESPUN.

Kenneth Durward, Ulster House, Conduit Street, W.



CHAMPION WALTZERS ON SKATES: MISS ALLINGHAM AND MR. RICHARDSON, WINNERS OF THE WALTZING COMPETITION IN THE FIGURE-SKATING CHAMPIONSHIPS AT PRINCE'S.

An interesting event in the Figure-Skating Championship of Great Britain at Prince's on the 26th was the waltzing competition. Miss Allingham and Mr. Richardson were first, and Mrs. Johnson and Mr. Basil Williams second.

Photograph by Sport and General.

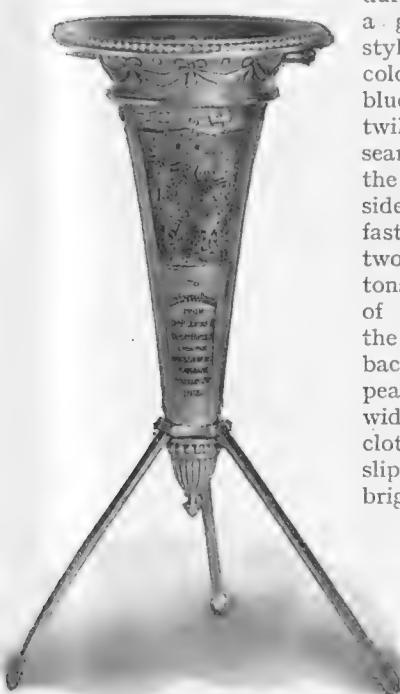
Do Not Drift. It is foolish to allow time to place visible marks on a fair face through slackly leaving things to nature. Even more foolish is it to fear helping the skin to keep fresh and velvet-like because of dreading injurious cosmetics. There are the well-known, healthful, pure, and beautifying preparations of the Cyclax Company to resort to. Mrs. Hemming is much gratified by its success, which has been even more remarkable since she publicly

identified herself with the business which was always hers. The Company was started because there was so great a demand for the remedies, and Mrs. Hemming was engaged with a royal and exclusive clientèle in the perfectly appointed private salons on the first floor; now she is enabled also to get into touch with the Cyclax clients. She has trained a large staff of expert ladies to give special treatments under her supervision, and so is able (despite royal commands and extensive private work) to give her own attention personally to Cyclax clients. The treatments are unique. Mrs. Hemming is resolutely opposed to operations or anything unnatural. Just now it is necessary to have the marks of fur and all stains and discolourations removed from the neck. A visit to 58, South Molton Street will send any woman away rejoicing; several visits will render her rejuvenated and happy.



RECUPERATING AFTER HIS RECENT ACCIDENT: MR. H. A. BARKER SKATING IN SWITZERLAND.

Mr. H. A. Barker was due to return to town a few days ago after his stay in Switzerland. As our photograph shows, he has quite recovered from his accident, which, even at that time, did not prevent him from enjoying winter sport.



A WEDDING PRESENT TO LORD ROBERTS' DAUGHTER AND USED AT HER WEDDING: THE SILVER BOUQUET-HOLDER GIVEN BY THE PILGRIMS' CLUB.

At her wedding to Major Henry Lewin the other day, Lord Roberts' younger daughter, now Lady Edwina Lewin, carried a bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley, mounted on Carrickmacross lace, in the silver holder here illustrated. It was the gift of the Pilgrims' Club, of which Lord Roberts is President. The holder can be converted into a flower-vase by unfolding its three supports, as here shown. It was designed and made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., of 112, Regent Street, W.

Continued from page 292.]

of affairs, we have little doubt that the 10 per cent. dividend will be at least maintained. The Trust has been concerned with the issue of a good many high-class Russian securities. And the public are beginning to realise that Russia's credit is entitled to stand on a higher basis than present market valuations. We have on many occasions recommended correspondents to buy such things as City of Baku 5 per cent. Loan and City of Vilna Loan, both of which were issued by the Anglo-Russian Trust.

In spite of present market conditions, their latest offering—the Armavir-Touapse 4½ per cent. Bonds—have kept firm at their issue price of 97½.

* * * * *

Speaking at the meeting of the Mercantile Investment and General Trust, the chairman, Mr. Ernest Noel, made some interesting remarks on general market conditions. In the course of his speech, he said: ". . . I am convinced that the active condition of the world's trade, associated as it will be for some time to come with great demands for capital, will provide us with many good opportunities for securing sound investments, returning a relatively high yield of interest. . . . During the whole twenty-eight years in which I have been a director of this Company, there never has been a time when investments such as we require can be obtained on such favourable terms."

* * * * *

Rumour has again been busy with the affairs of the San Paulo Railway, and the quotation has advanced to 262. In some quarters it is stated that a definite agreement has been entered into with the Brazil Railway interests; in others, that the agreement is with the Brazilian Government. We do not care to express an opinion as to which view is correct, but it is clear that the shareholders of the San Paulo are in a very enviable position, and we think they would be wise to await further developments before parting with their holdings.

* * * * *

The Globe and Phoenix directors have emerged victorious from the recent agitation, and, presumably, things will now go on very much as before. In some ways we are sorry Messrs. Bowman and Sharpe have not been elected, as we believe them to be both very capable men; but they will have to get what satisfaction they can from knowing that the agitation has not been altogether fruitless. Some reduction has been obtained in the excessive fees of the board, and we have very little doubt that alterations will be unostentatiously made in other directions before long.

Saturday, March 1, 1913.



THE TECHNICAL EXPERT!

'ARRY (to Policeman who has called upon him to move on): "Move on! If yer s'pose this is a Lancia, yer wrong. This is a one-moke car, this is, an' it's got its reverse in. It 'im again with the startin' 'andle, 'Ria."

The Lancia is notably easy to control in traffic and very flexible, while on clear run it has power for speed and all the exigencies of the road. The most finished product of Continental Automobile engineering and without a superior in any country.

4 cylinders, 30 h.p. chassis complete with electric lighting outfit, and every useful and necessary accessory. W. L. Stewart & Co., Ltd.,
Telegrams: "Cialanic-Piccy, London." 26, Albemarle Street, London, W.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SUGAR.—Your list is a poor one, and all are very speculative; (2) and (3) are the most promising of the lot.

S. A. C.—Put the shares away and forget all about them for a couple of months.

F. D. H. (Harrogate).—We hope you received our letter posted on Feb. 22.

SAXON.—City of Baku Loan or Chilian Northern Railway Debentures should suit you; the yield is over 5 per cent., and both are well secured and below par.

DOLLY.—You had far better go to a good broker and rely on his advice than listen to your friends. Both the shares suggested are highly undesirable for your purposes.

STANDARD BANK OF SOUTH AFRICA.—The directors recommend a dividend for the half-year ended Dec. 31 at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, with a bonus of 4 per cent. (together making a distribution at the rate of 14 per cent. per annum), less tax; they propose to place £15,000 to the investment reserve account, to cover the depreciation in the market value of investments, to write £15,000 off bank premises, to add £10,000 to the reserve fund (making it £1,980,000), and £10,000 to the officers' pension fund, carrying forward about £50,000.

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The Proprietors of

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Including the following Lots:-		
8 Solid Well-made Bedroom Suites , with Wardrobe, &c., complete ..	3 17 6	
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6 Well-made Solid Oak Bedroom Suites , complete ..	4 17 6	
6 Large Single Bedsteads to match ..	1 2 0	
4 Well-made Solid Walnut Bedroom Suites , complete ..	5 5 0	
4 Splendid Full-size Black and Brass Mounted Bedsteads , complete with Bedding (unsold) ..	2 17 6	
3 Very Handsome Design White Enamel Bedroom Suites , of Louis XIV. style ..	7 15 0	
3 White Enamel Bedsteads to match at	1 15 0	
4 Well-made Large Solid Oak Bedroom Suites ..	6 15 0	
4 Solid Oak Full-size Bedsteads to match, with patent Wire Spring Mattress, complete ..	2 10 0	
4 Very Artistic Inlaid Design Inlaid Mahogany Bedroom Suites , at	7 15 0	
2 Pair of 3 ft. Sheraton Design Inlaid Mahogany Bedsteads to match at	2 5 0	
3 Artistic Large Solid Walnut Bedroom Suites ..	9 15 0	
3 Massive Polished Brass and Black Bedsteads , with Fine Quality Spring Mattress ..	3 17 6	
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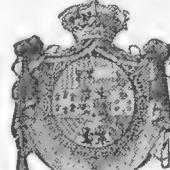
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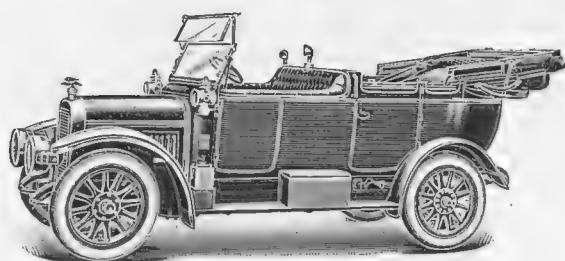


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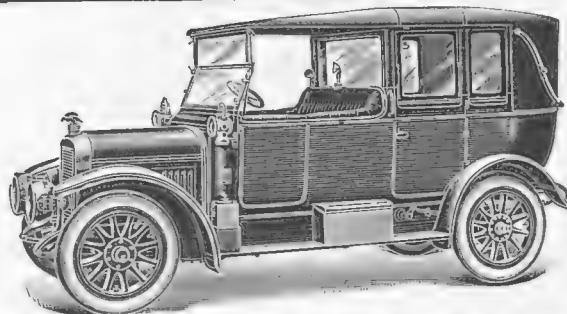


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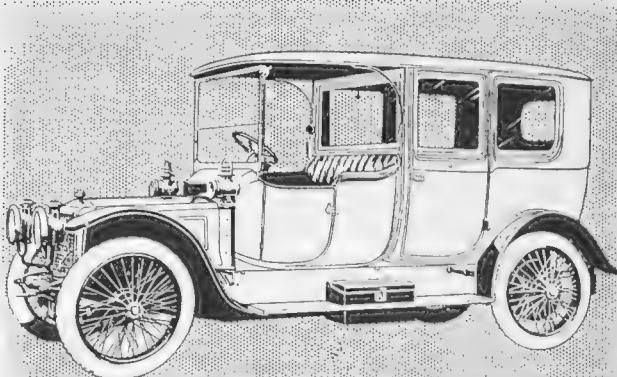
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FURTHER MOTOR CAR TYPES. NO. 14—THE GLADIATOR.

So rapid was the evolution of the motor-car in the first few years of the century that, though the first of this series was dated as recently as 1892, the ensuing thirteen years of progress have quite destroyed the appropriateness of the inclusion in the title of the qualifying term "Early." Hence the new heading. The car shown this week is a Gladiator, of French fame. The canopy contains some small improvements, the forerunner of the enclosed car of to-day; such, for instance, as the curtains, which could be unfurled for protection when the weather threatened, and the luggage grid on the roof. The wicker basket on the off-side was then the general receptacle for odds-and-ends, the boot of the stage-coach up-to-date.

It would be impossible to attempt here even the briefest summary of the events of the year 1905; but as little mention has been made of that portion of the globe, it would not be inopportune to refer to a race that bulked prominently in the U.S.A., that for the Vanderbilt Cup.

Run on Long Island over a course of 273½ miles, it attracted the cream of the world's racing men, and was won by Hemery, on a Darracq shod with Dunlop tyres, at a speed of 61.6 m.p.h. Dunlops have always been prime favourites where speed plus reliability have been the desiderata.



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FIRST IN 1888; FOREMOST EVER SINCE.

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1905



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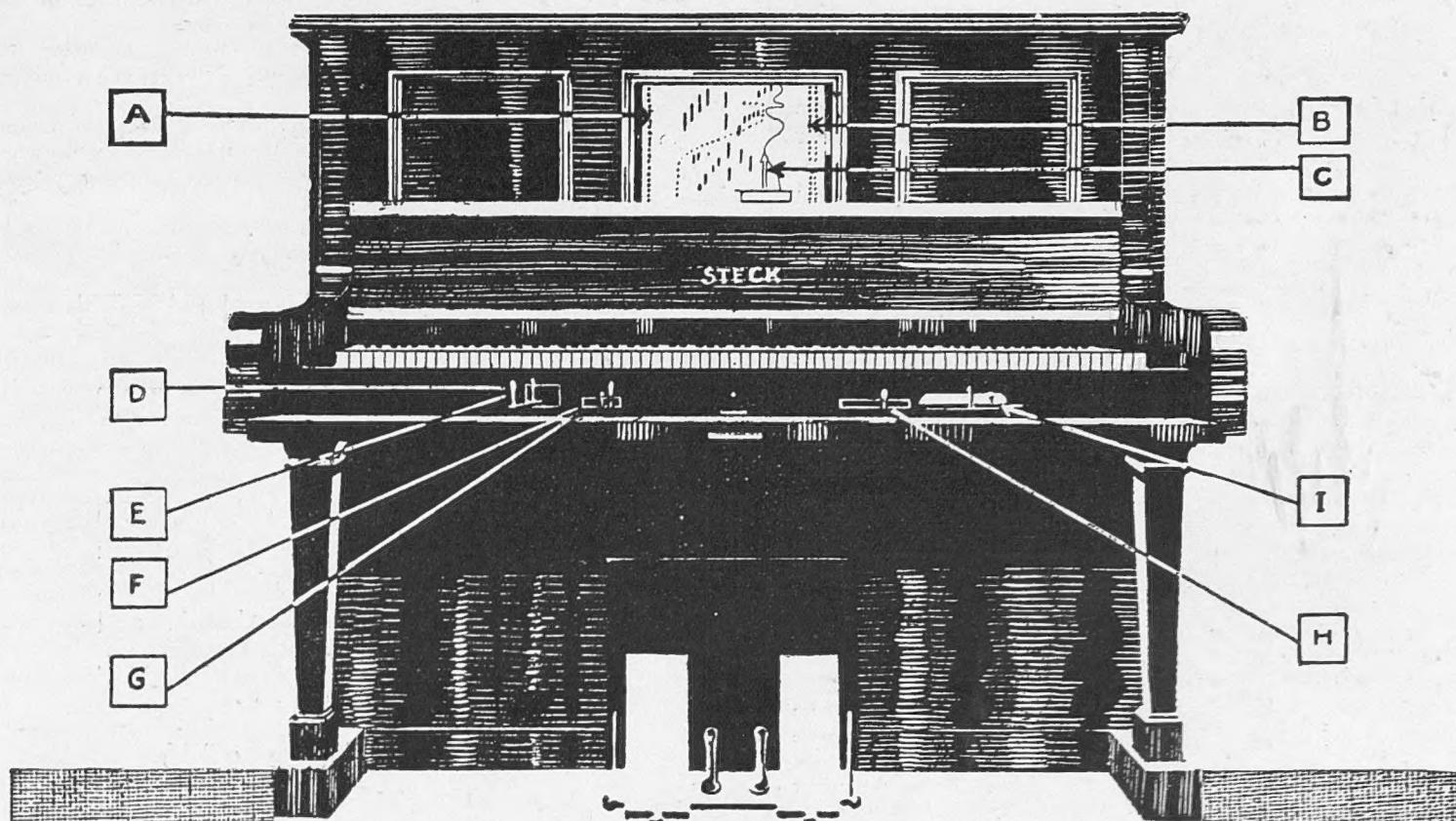
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- (A) **The Automatic Sustaining Pedal.** By means of side perforations in the music-roll this device operates the sustaining pedal at the proper time.
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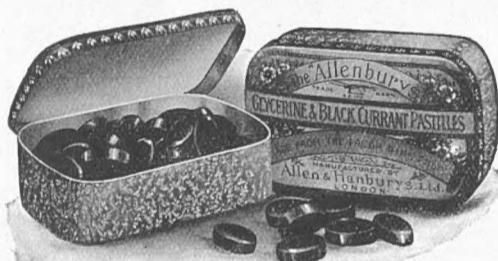
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In March winds...



The "Allenburys" Glycerine and
(Trade Mark)
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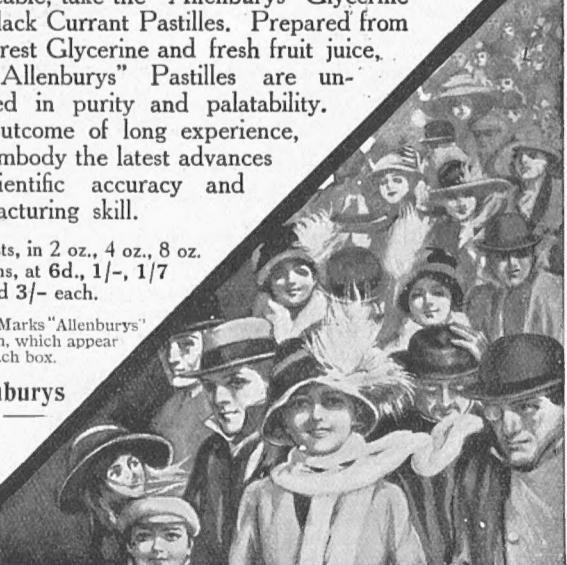
In biting, boisterous weather, bleak and changeable, take the "Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles. Prepared from the purest Glycerine and fresh fruit juice, the "Allenburys" Pastilles are unequalled in purity and palatability.

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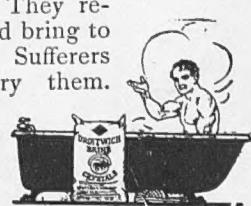
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Where'er his stages may have been,
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—but not always the most welcome of boot-polishes!

Why risk bad polish on good boots now
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tube, with polishing cloth, complete for 1/-?
Slip it in the corner of your bag, and there
you are— independent of the most careless
"boots" 'twixt Land's End and John o' Groat's.

For real perfection of polish, for
giving that good look to black
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economy twice over—it goes so far
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Also Lutetian Cream,

Light or Dark, the most perfect dressing made for
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These Tubes—also Meltonian Cream
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It is 133 years since the first Tobaccos and Snuffs were bought at Bewlays.

THEN, Georgian matron and maid tripped from their Sedan Chairs into the little shop in the Strand, where Mr. Bewlays established the nucleus of the present business. His fair customers were borne homeward with Churchwarden and Shag as presents for their lords, brothers, and sweethearts. NOW it is the famous

"Flor de Dindigul" Cigar

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The "Flor de Dindigul" is a cigar that appeals especially to the connoisseur by reason of its delightfully cool, even-smoking qualities, its delicate fragrance, and refined flavour.

It is the result of a careful blending of the finest Indian and other choice Foreign Tobaccos, and so is largely a product of the British Empire.

It equals in quality Cigars considerably higher in price, whilst also exceeding them in delicacy of flavour. In the opinion of many of its admirers (who, before its introduction by Messrs. Bewlays in 1875, had smoked cigars at double the price), the "Flor de Dindigul" is the ideal cigar.

"Flor de Dindigul" Cigars have been awarded 13 Gold Medals for excellence,
and are sold at the following prices—

"Flor de Dindigul" Boxes of 25	5/3		
"Flor de Dindigul" Box of 50	10/3	each 3d.	(5 for 1/1)
"Flor de Dindigul Extra" (Extra Choice)	15/-	4d.	
"Flor de Dindigul Grandes" ... Box of 25	11/-	6d.	
All long cigar in silver paper, as supplied to the House of Lords.			
"Flor de Dindigul" Cigarettes ... Box of 100	8/4	1d.	
All tobacco leaf, no paper.			

They are obtainable from all HIGH-CLASS TOBACCONISTS at home and
abroad, or post free from the Importers,

Bewlays & Co., Ltd.

(Established in the Reign of George III.), Tobacconists to the Royal Family,

49, West Strand, London, W.C.

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143, Cheapside, E.C. 46, Bishopsgate Street, E.C. 379, Oxford Street, W.
55, Queen Victoria Street, E.C. 229, High Holborn, W.C. 5, First Avenue Hotel Bldgs., W.C.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"An Affair of State."
By J. C. SNAITH.
(Methuen.)

"There is no tyranny like the tyranny of a half-educated democracy," "We who love England must start to back the engine"—with such stirring phrases James Draper confides to the Countess of Rockingham his intention of throwing the Government out on Clause 9 of their latest Bill. Now James Draper was a democrat—a haberdasher once, the Hope of England now—and the Countess of Rockingham his soul's friend. But he was also married, to a fine and foolish lady, who plotted against him. Happy is the nation without a history, and the politician without a romance. James Draper might have become Prime Minister of England quite comfortably, and saved and served her in natural course had he been prepared to do it without a soul's friend. Neither wife nor the public will suffer such intellectual luxuries. Hence the affair of State resolves itself into a diverting tangle with a leading clue of *cherchez* the Countess of Rockingham. She was certainly brazen in her habits, and smoked cigarettes in sufficient quantity to alarm provincial virtue. "Of course, I worship the man," she admitted; "but we are no more than friends. He has all the uneasy, ill-timed scrupulousness of the bourgeoisie." Private concerns aside, many a gratifying proof of his mission comes to the great man's aid. "I never expected to hear the equal of Mr. Bright, Sir," said his butler, after the speech which broke the Coalition; "but I heard him on Tuesday night—and if you'll excuse the freedom, Sir, I think your mind is deeper and more practical." He was a devoted butler; in a crisis he would keep from his master the shock of learning that his wife had fled, and, when asked if he had no fear of the consequences to himself, replied: "No, I do not think about myself. If my master, Mr. D., can save the monarchy, I would gladly die to-night." Once this very butler, close on midnight, had occasion to announce a gentleman to see the Minister who would not give his name. "Do I know him?" asked the impatient master. "Oh, yes, Sir, I am sure you do," answered the embarrassed butler. As the visitor was ushered in, the Minister exclaimed, "Why, Sir, I feel this to be a very great honour," and "I don't want you to feel anything of the kind," returned the visitor, who was asked forthwith to remove his overcoat, and who asked in turn for a whisky-and-soda, and sat down to a political chat. Mr. Draper at once tactfully turned the bust of the Protector to the wall, but his visitor laughingly insisted on having it round again. Everyone, from that august personage to the North-country railway-man, realised that Rome

was burning; that James Draper's voice was the voice of God speaking to the British people; that James Draper held the key to the terrible situation. But, thanks to the eternal feminine, a very gallant gentleman is compelled to shoot himself before Mr. Draper can effectually start. Which incident closes a delightfully farcical view of Party politics.

"Married." Here are a score of studies by the dramatist whose genius and temperament have made constant talk of late. "It is difficult to know what goes on behind the convent walls of

domesticity when the vow of silence is being kept," he pauses to remark during the course of some particularly illuminating revelation. Difficult it may be, which is not to say impossible to such as August Strindberg. In every one of these twenty cases he achieves it, and in each two deep conclusions leap to the surface of his wonderful prose. To be saved, bodily and spiritually, it is necessary to be married, and it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for man or woman to be married happily. A third conclusion hangs by these: the expediency of children. With the birth of a child husband and wife are themselves born again. Without children, men are like the schoolmaster who remained in the third class year after year, teaching only the second and third books of Euclid, seeing only a fragment of life—a fragment without beginning or end, the second and third books. And childless wives, Strindberg thinks, but lend themselves to a legitimised liaison—one that is duller for the man, and costs him more than the usual variety. Given all the chances of good fortune, love does not bear it out to the edge of doom, time and again. There is the temperamental spendthrift lamenting in his ruined, desolate home over the hardness of nature. Wife and child had been removed by his father-in-law, who said nothing to his daughter, but felt he was bringing home a girl who had been led astray. "It was as if he had lent her to a casual admirer, and now received her back dishonoured. She would have preferred to stay with her husband, but he had no home to offer her." And, condemned to drudgery which can never free him from debt, her husband reflects, "How cruel it is of Nature to provide food for all her creatures, leaving the children of men alone to starve! Oh, how cruel—how cruel! that life has not ptarmigans and strawberries to give to all men! How cruel, how cruel!" Sometimes the cause of failure is evident in such manner; but, worst of all, it happens without apparent cause. Love fades imperceptibly, like a flower, and one morning it offends the senses and gets thrown out upon the dust-heap. The struggle for freedom, for individuality, on one side or the other,

[Continued overleaf.]

BONUS YEAR
1913

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